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HAMPOEG

Other Poems

BERNHARD





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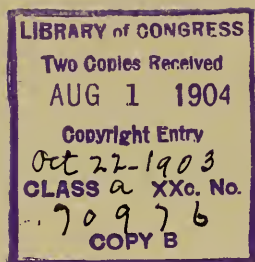
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CHAMPOEG

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
Place
E. E. EBERHARD

CHICAGO
AUTHORS' AND WRITERS' UNION
1904



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BY
E. E. EBERHARD.

TO
My Dearly Beloved Daughters
ELSIE, CLAUDIA AND ALICE
In Memory of the Trials and Triumphs
of the
HARDY PIONEERS

This Book
Is Affectionately Dedicated
In the Year of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ
1903

CHAMPOEG AND OTHER POEMS

CHAMPOEG.

BOOK I.

EPITOME.

Invocation on Chehalem's crest. Callapoia comes with unprinted manuscripts from the library in Seville, Spain, and reads Juan Frondoso's account of the sailing and the wreck of the Aragon; the doings of the saved; the burial of the treasures; missionary labors; conversion of the king and his entire race. The downfall and flight of Canema; great rejoicing in the capital city. Canema retires to his countrymen beyond the mountains, stirs them up to regain their lost country. March and invasion; triumph of Canema. Martyrdom of Frondoso and the three other priests. Death of Canema and suicide of young Callapoia; their souls chained in the Singing Cave. Recent visit to that cave.

One summer day, upon Chehalem's crest
I stood in ecstasy; within my breast
My thankful heart to its Creator spoke,
And all my soul enthusiastic woke.
Below my feet the blue Wallamet rolled,
While scarlet cloudlets, each enfringed with gold,
The western sky adorned; around me spread

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The golden fields of harvest; o'er my head
A faultless sky. Anon the ocean breeze
My brow caressed, and sighed among the trees.
Up from farm houses curled the wreaths of smoke,
The evening meal in voiceless verbiage spoke,
Yet rose as incense to the Father's throne
From thankful hearts, for endless favors shown;
Yet hesitating long such scenes as these
To leave, they drifted 'mong the verdant trees,
There as a veil of thinnest misty blue,
Enrobed the forests, lending to the view
A sweet enchantment. On that evening air
Arose for light this simple, earnest prayer:

O Oregon, thou priceless diadem!
In fair Tusoa's crown the brightest gem,
Of thee, my home, here in the golden west,
In vivid green and floral beauty dressed;
Thy matchless vales, where leagues of waving grain,
With mead, and garden, variegate the plain,
And hills with orchards, and with vineyards teem,
While vernal woodlands skirt each crystal stream,
And giant forests, through whose somber shade
The golden beams, if ever, seldom strayed,
Thy mountains clothe; while off the Indian seas
The spicy breezes loiter 'mong the trees;
While high above, enrobed in spotless shrouds,
Rise mountain monarchs dwelling in the clouds.
O Sprite of numbers, tune my stammering tongue,
To sing thy praises, now too long unsung.

Say, Prince of Empire, whose the favored lot

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To gaze upon, and name this sacred spot?
Who first beheld those vernal mantled hills,
This Eden of the west, whose thousand rills
Rush headlong down the rugged mountain side.
To blend their music with the sobbing tide?
Who first beheld those mountain monarchs white?
These mountains blue, say, blessed they first whose
sight?

This name of names the sweetest, who bestowed?
These rivers named as they in grandeur flowed
Through matchless valleys, where the fragrant gales
From thermal seas the winter sprite assails,
Nor strives in vain, though he on mountain crest
Eternal reigns, in tintless garments dressed.

Now, presently, the air seemed filled with song,
And rich perfumes, borne by the breeze along.
I gazing mused, and lo! before my eyes
Rose from the earth, as mists from water rise,
In regal robes, a chieftain bent with years,
And weight of empire; signs of former tears
His cheeks betrayed, those tears for penance shed.
A duplex crown adorned his saintly head.
Within his hand were manuscripts where dust
For years lay undisturbed, and scent of must
Their age revealed. The saintly spectre speaks,
Celestial light adorns his amber cheeks:

"The sprite of song has heard your earnest prayer,
That heavenward rose like incense on the air,
And I, behold, to answer all am sent;
Here was I born, here all my days were spent,

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My people ruled, received Faith's holy light,
And lived my days, and ruled therein." A sight
Of heaven embellished beauty overspread
His saintly visage; from his books he read;
Unprinted volumes of quaint Spanish lore,
Unnoticed, and unread, a thousand score.
A mine of wealth, in mellow Spanish tongue,
That Spanish bards in happier days have sung,
Of mighty deeds, adventures strange and rare;
Of new found lands, of trees and flowers fair;
Of savage tribes that roam the grassy plains;
Of savage songs, in sad and plaintive strains;
Of savage tales, uncouth, and vague, and wild;
How savage swains their leisure hours beguiled;
How maids were wooed and wed, as soon a slave
As beasts of burden serve, until the grave,
That welcome refuge shields, she there is free;
Yet leaves her untaught child to serve as she.
In order grand, in old Seville arrayed,
Upon the Guadalquiver, hence there strayed
These measured lines that Don Frondoso sung,
Of thee, my Oregon, thy name, whence sprung:

"Sweet Aragon, from China's distant shores,
With floral treasures laden—mission stores.
Our matchless flowers in the prairies green
Their fragrance wasted, and their blush unseen,
Though spangling countless leagues, their golden wax,
And luscious honey, to the tribute tax
Of the winged garner they surrendered not;
He was a stranger to this favored spot.
Our Savior's altars, and the Virgin's shrine,

AND OTHER POEMS.

The funeral bier, each sacred rite divine,
The waxen taper asks—and sore distressed,
Appears upon Pacific's troubled breast.
A sudden storm had roused the mighty seas,
Invaded shore, prostrating all the trees.
The student notes the hollow and the mound,
That here are in such countless numbers found,
And are so like, in size, position, form,
He northward points, and says 'hence passed the
storm.'

"Storm-swept and rudderless, tossed on the main,
Gone are her banners of the Cross, and Spain.
Gone are her masts, in ribbons all her sails,
Her bulwarks shattered, though a hundred gales
Shrieked through her shrouds in other climes,
And typhoons battled a hundred times.
Urged by the storm the angry waters o'er,
To break and founder on a foreign shore.
Her burden, mission stores, from floral zones,
Now thrown and crushed upon the storm-swept stones.
Her treasures, such as Mexic's mines unfold;
The slave-dug silver, and the blood-bought gold;
Which freighted to Macao as virgin ore,
There treated by artificers they bore
Convenient form, and the great seal of Spain.
Those chests of treasures, now forgot, remain
Hid in our twilight hills, secreted there
By Don Frondoso. Twelve years did he bear
His Savior's cross upon the new world's shore,
Which in new fields, in the Far East he bore.
A holy man, who faced both wind and wave;

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With Xavier worked, and prayed beside his grave.
Spared was this man, with one as black as night,
Three from Japan, and three Castillians white.
These faithfully had worked with Xavier's few,
Those, precious gems, found in the vineyard new.
The black, a jewel from old Afric's shore,
Where some had kept the faith learned long before.
And others four delivered up the tide,
Two Spanish knights, each with his wedded bride.
Lost was the master, none of the crew remain,
The sea had swallowed what the storm had slain.
A stormier day succeeds the stormy night,
Wild shrieked the winds, and flashed the lightnings
 bright,
And surged the waters; midst that deafening roar
The old ship breaks upon the wreck-strewn shore."

"The favored few, cast on the foreign shore,
Te Deum sang, and said the rosary o'er,
And ere the closing of that stormy day,
Among the mighty forest trees that lay
Promiscuously, the cedar, fir, and oak,
The ash, the spruce, the giant pines, that spoke
Eternal solitude, an altar rose
Of rude rocks built, nor roof nor wall enclose.
This altar rose, those fallen trees between,
When sat on Britain's throne the bastard queen,
The year, the day, thence reigned as God adored,
The rights of Dalriada's heir ignored,
Consigning to the rack, the wheel, and flame,
All who were pure enough to doubt her claim.
Fit heiress, she, of sire, old man of sin,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Whom foresaw Paul the epoch usher in,
When many should the ancient faith forsake,
Abhor her cult, and all injunctions break."

"The storm at last its wicked wrath had spent,
Across the clouds the bow of peace was bent.
And ere to rest the Autumn sun had rolled,
With crimson tinted up the west and gold,
Fair weather's harbinger, the favored ten
Unto the dismal wreck repaired, and when
Night let his mantle fall, that sable pall,
The better share was saved, the treasure all.
And grave-like holes upon the mountain side,
Wherein the heavy chests essayed to hide,
They dug, and marked by massive stones near by,
By lines and angles measured, e'en the sky,
With stars, and mid-day sun, and in a book
Their findings wrote. Then by a mountain brook,
In grassy vale, to shelter from the sea,
They lodges built; a chapel on the lea
Their care first claims; yet ever search the wave—
Vain hope; no sail appears for which they crave."

"Now mellow Autumn, fleeing on apace,
Had leaped and died in Winter's cold embrace.
The red men of the hills had seen and heard,
Drew near, and grunted out their uncouth words.
(A race of beings strange, who ever seem
Asleep, awake wrapt in one endless dream.
Fronodoso, hence, this coast of meads and streams,
Nehalem called, Nehalem—land of dreams.)
Unmeasured curiosity displayed,

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Each thing examined, and each scene surveyed,
And each denied, consulted, all surprise,
These knew they're from the sea, those from the skies,
Those saw upon the clouds such creatures ride,
These saw them miles at sea upon the tide,
And some appeared in their most natural role;
They nothing said, but what they could they stole."

"Meanwhile, the chiming of the silvery bell
Upon their ears from out the turret fell;
Those silvery peals that rode the fragrant air,
To meditation called, and vesper prayer.
The chapel soon was filled with eager crowd,
Who, like the priests, stood, kneeled, arose, and bowed.
And grasped with eager hands, the service o'er,
The pictures, medals, crosses, beads, and more
To-morrow sought. Now next the school behold.
Within the glen, the children all enrolled,
And ere the year had passed, within the fold
The tribe; all for the new renounce the old."

"Now Callapoia on his father's throne,
On Champoeg's sacred sand, ruled not alone.
(There dwells my heart, there ever turns my eye;
Upon that spot my buried treasures lie.)
Canema, priest, the throne stood ever near,
And awed the king with threats, a constant fear
His heart besieged. A messenger one night
News of the strangers brought, in sore affright,
His story told, how dropped they from the clouds,
Or by the waves surrendered, eager crowds
In breathless silence stood; the cross and beads,

AND OTHER POEMS.

With pictures, medals, showed; he simply leads;
While yet he speaks, another from the shore,
Though much the first, the latter talked the more."

"The king Canema called, whose mystic shell
Consulted eagerly, but naught could tell.
A pretty shell, in tints of pink and gold,
Into Canema's ear all secrets told,
Not man's alone, but earth's, and air's, and sea's,
Those of the night, of storm, or mellow breeze.
Canema thus, his shell within his hand,
Was worshipped, bribed, and feared through all the
land.

His shell caressed, and turned it o'er and o'er,
Consulted it, not silent as before.
His eyes the trinkets each had brought had seen,
And from the silvery murmurs seemed to glean
These gems of truth: Born of the storm, to sight
The brightest day, the evening shades, and night.
In numbers later, they like Champoe's sand,
Long night must reign ere they possess the land,
Another God shall rule; short season now.
Chehalem's altars fall, and then the plow,
Hence many years, disturb the holy dead;
Swept from the waters each canoe; instead
Shall monsters race that breathe a fiery flame,
Or fly with mighty wings; in size, the claim
Of largest whale that swims the mighty deep
Were but a toy, nor rest nor ever sleep."

"Sad Callapoia's heart—at once a light,
Seemed in the chamber of his soul ignite,

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That seemed to rouse him to an effort new,
And showed him best, as well, what course pursue.
He quietly the aged seer dismissed,
Would see alone the messengers insist.
He questioned them till broke the rosy dawn,
And heeded not the night so quickly gone,
Sleep had withdrawn. He now resolved to send
The strangers bid his royal court attend.
To see, and hear if they have aught to say
Of whence they came, and how they lost their way."

"The rosy dawn had painted up the east
With tints of weather fair, and soon released
The shrubs from fetters of the jeweled rime,
(Such winter weather blessed the perfect clime).
The king's canoe, and others half a score,
That bore the son, these other princes bore.
Now glide they forth upon the placid breast
Of beautiful Wallamet; every crest
Bespeaks a perfect man; each stroke of oar
Its ripples send to kiss the distant shore.
A thousand voices join the joyous song,
That pray the winds to speed the fleet along.
Where sluggish Putid drags his crystal prize,
And leaps into Wallamet's breast and dies,
They halt. Frondoso, bard, in after years
Sang of this spot amid poetic tears:
"O sweet Mahalla born in purest snows,
With mountain music toward Wallamet flows,
That spotless minstrel, maiden of the glens,
Weds fetid Putid, born in swamps and fens.
Shall triumph purity? count here the cost,

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Her music, beauty, e'en her name is lost.
That sluggish dotard, as he lives he dies,
And founs in death his crystal mountain prize."
Upon that spot, now overgrown with wood,
A busy mart and halls of learning stood.
At noon they pass where surging waters pour,
And hills re-echo e'er the mournful roar,
Thus adding to its lonesomeness; that spot
Admired, seen, can never be forgot.
Osmerus' beauties crowd beneath the tide,
Their course obstructed, and their rights denied.
Where now Multoma's thousand silvery bells
Each balmy morn in joyous chorus swells,
Dense forest then, where roamed the beasts of prey,
They halt at night, and wait the coming day.
O reign Multoma e'er, proud twilight queen,
On mighty waters throned, 'neath hills so green,
Sun kissed, and beautiful, while every zone
Earth's richest treasures at thy feet have thrown.
In triumph next the royal squadron rides,
Where mighty rivers meet and blend their tides,
Thence speeds along 'neath shadows of the pine,
And leaps triumphantly into the brine.
Unharm'd at length the destined spot they gain,
Essay'd at once their mission to explain,
When lo! the prince whose soft and mellow words,
Like music fell, were understood when heard.
Then great rejoicing in that green retreat,
As only seen when loving brothers meet.
The Afric jewel was their great surprise,
And cynosure of all their wandering eyes.
The whites excite astonishment profound,

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The princes worship, bowing to the ground.
And hail them angels from the distant skies,
Too pure to meet the gaze of vulgar eyes."

"At length the morn of their departure came,
The eastern heavens seeming all aflame.
Fronodoso and the black, and other three,
To go prepare in haste, they thus agree.
And soon the royal fleet with envied prize,
Skims o'er the tide beneath those smiling skies.
The winds assisting, for a steady breeze
That landward blows from off the mighty seas.
Fast speeds them on to where the streams unite,
And proud Multnoma's rugged shoulders white,
First blessed their sight. The royal party land,
And kneel in worship to the mountain grand,
With each endearing term their tongue possessed,
Unto the mountain monarch they addressed.
Those terms Fronodoso understanding each
Cries "Multa nomina" in Latin speech."

"Their home they reach without prolonged delay
In early morn, the blessed Sabbath day.
An eager crowd upon the bank arrayed
The royal fleet and all therein surveyed.
Oh wonderous sight! the half had not been told,
Within the one the shades of night behold,
The other four, behold, how wondrous fair!
Not born of earth, but in the realm of air.
A gladsome shout that echoed on the breeze,
And rolled afar among the vernal trees,
From all escaped. The king is now prepared

AND OTHER POEMS.

His guests to meet, the herald so declared."

"Procession grand upon the king's highway.
Moves solemnly; of robes a grand display;
High in the air the fuming censer swung,
As Te Deum the quartet Christian sung;
While richest robes the cultus e'er allowed,
Frondoso wore. The wonder stricken crowd,
In numbers as the leaves, bowed low and oft,
The Afric's voice so mellow, sweet and soft,
The throng enchants; upon his numbers hung,
Magnificat in tones seraphic sung.
The solos his, the rest the chorus grand,
Harmonious melody. Frondoso's hand
The crucifix upheld, the holy book
His left hand grasped. The spiteful look
Canema gave a truceless strife bespoke;
The fiend vindictive in his heart awoke.
As standing there in priestly garb arrayed,
He saw, alas! his sacred rights invade
The robed quartet. Himself of royal line,
The reader of the shell, a task divine.
The king bowed low, his welcome spoke in words
Frondoso understood, and when he'd heard
His royal pleasure, then unto the king
In kindred speech replied, such wondrous thing
Struck admiration, awe and reverent fear,
Into the hearts of all who strove to hear,
As fell the holy words from beings strange,
And divers each to other; all the range
Of dreams no stranger picture shows than they,
Now see in full relief, this faultless day."

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"The wretched trio, hatred, wrath, and spite,
Usurp Canema's heart, he will ere night
O'erthrow their proud presume. One hateful look
He gave Frondoso, snatched the holy book
From out his hand, and placed it to his ear,
As oft his shell, 'twas mute no voice could hear.
He tried again, and thrice, he turned it round.
His proud lip curled, he threw it on the ground,
In curbless anger, trod it neath his feet—
The sacred tome—and in his frenzied heat,
Essayed to curse, alas, no words would come,
The Crucified had triumphed, he was dumb.
He rent his robes, and tore his frosty hair;
His eyes assumed a wild and deathlike glare,
From off his limbs his needed garments tore,
Plunged in the stream, and swam the river o'er,
E'er fleeing unpursued, except by wild,
And fear-created phantoms; thus beguiled,
Soon thought him dead the king, alas, not so,
As I will further in the sequel show."

"With Christian fortitude Frondoso bore
This grave affront, his Master like before,
And to the throne of grace he thus in few:—
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."
By primal statute, fatal the result,
If one presume the royal guest insult.
Frondoso plead to stay the vengeful hand,
The culprit spare, and save from blood the land,
Dissuades the king. In answer to his prayer
The king forgave. A shout rose on the air:
"The gods have come, who but the gods would spare,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Or for the culprit e'er bespeak a care?"

"The word of God Frondoso then recounts,
The Ten Commands, the Sermon on the mount,
And first and last, Salvation's awful price,
Death of the Son of God, a sacrifice
Of priceless worth God's boundless Love betrays.
'The gift is thine. Accept?' Frondoso prays.
Will starving men delicious food refuse?
Or waters cool the thirsty fail to use?
Not so, they eagerly accept the prize,
And thus they this, and hence them to baptize
Essay the black robed four; at first the king,
His family, and all the host that spring
From royal blood; the ruling race at length,
Fine specimens of manhood, wisdom, strength.
In copious showers, God's free gift grace,
Fell like the rain upon this favored race.
And for twelve years the blessed cross did stand,
On chapel turret, and cathedral grand.
Oh season short, who can God's wisdom read,
Since e'en the sparrows fall he deigns to heed?

"Of different race Canema; long before
His ruled unwisely though, this verdant shore.
By Callapoia's forced over mountain fence,
'Toward the morning sun. Canema hence
Repaired, and ceaselessly strove to relate,
Adverse to Callapoia, secrets state,
By kindred signs, his mouth by silence sealed,
For seven years, those passed, he then revealed
The whole minutia, and e'er strove to rouse

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His savage countrymen, his cause espouse.
Nor pleads in vain, ere long the savage band
Prepared to march against the envied land.
And for five years there rolled a crimson flood,
And all the shaded streams ran red with blood."

"Now Callapoia with his fathers slept,
The last sad year the bloody torrent swept
These fertile plains. His son ruled in his stead,
A second son, the first, alas, was dead.
A prince unwise, for when his country falls,
Fronoso blames, the fact he now recalls,
When was Canema spared. The fatal day
Arrived at length, the midst of floral May.
His savage countrymen Canema led,
And full his savage thirst for vengeance fed.
His was the hand to tear the portals wide,
And his the hand that first the torch applied,
And his it was to give the cursed command,
That bid the flames to waste the holy land."

"'Extinct the royal line, hold each a slave.'
This bold command his master royal gave,
Enraged Canema; ever since he came
His crafty heart with vengeance all aflame,
Resolved on every hand to make a cause,
To blame the Christians for defying laws,
By gods proclaimed, e'en now their numbers grew,
From savage ranks recruited not a few."

"Since came Canema back to Champoeg's sand,
Chehalem's altars overlooked the land;

AND OTHER POEMS.

And all the summer moons its lurid light,
A grewsome spectre shone each moonless night,
As ere Frondoso came; hence they had ceased,
A hundred-fold the harvests all increased,
No mother saw her babe torn from her breast,
A sacrifice upon Chehalem's crest."

"All now undone, for rules the savage seer
Behind the throne, and thought the day was near
When on; young Callapoi he had saved,
And hid, base treason this, his heart depraved,
A scheme projected; did attempt the life
Of chieftain royal, then he hid the knife,
And threw suspicion on Frondoso old,
To Callapoia all his treason told;
Nor failed the scheme. Must die the foreign four,
That heinous crime must be effaced with gore,
To punish them was his. Go thou forbid
The famished wolf to slay the captive kid,
Coax thou the hawk his feathered victim spare,
Dissuade the foul hyena, starving bear,
Canst thou these do? Command then to depart
That love for vengeance from the human heart.
To punish them was his, the demon then
The deathsong chants, and drags the fettered men.
Next up the hill the rude procession came,
White blazed and roared the sacrificial flame.
The tortured victims but that morning learned
That they must die; be flayed alive, then burned.
Be flayed alive, the harvest god demands,
Their blood to moisten up the sun parched lands.
And then be burned, the god of clouds refrains,

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For many days from sending forth the rains."

"The knife applied, the work of death commenced,
Young Callapoia rushed to their defense.
All savage threats and proffered gifts he spurned,
Forgotten not those holy lessons learned
From saintly parents, and from holy sage.
His pleadings spurned, he yields to frenzied rage.
Canema fell by Callapoia's hand,
He by his own; thus drank their blood the land."

"Ere they together lie within one grave,
Their souls are fettered in a tide-choked cave,
Where foundered Aragon; and from that spring

Till Judgment Day, the death chant they must sing,
At sunset, midnight, and the dawn of day,
While months, and years, and ages roll away.
Now seamen tell, who plow the restless wave,
Of hearing songs within that crossmarked cave;
And bolder some, explore have dared presume,
The gateway entered, where a spacious room
With somber sidewalls, and with crystal floor;
While high above the ceiling rocks arch o'er,
With chambers dark. There fell upon their ears
Such awful sounds, that filled their souls with fears:
A grewsome moan, as one deep despair;
A fearful scream, that seemed the rocks to tear;
An organ's groan, the soft notes of the flute,
The twang of strings, the sweet voice of the lute,
The clang of cymbals, and the trumpet's bray,
A human voice in distance far away,

AND OTHER POEMS.

A silent spell, then bust upon the ear
Such plaintive notes too sad for men to hear.
And all the tones the throbbing harp e'er gave,
Were heard by them within that lonely cave."

"In after years there came a woeful day,
The conquered race the savage bore away,
Far, far beyond those hills; destroyed each sign
Of them and theirs, yet now the moon-mad brine
Their vain endeavor mocks; for waxen cakes,
The burden of the wrecked, it oft awakes.
Near travelers oft have rock-built ruins seen,
In mountain forests, mighty trees between."

(O thou Champoeg, so cursed and yet so dear,
Scene of my happiest days, and bitterest tear.)
"The spirits of this long departed race,
Guard all these years, this ever sacred place,
And strive to oust, with storm, and flame, and flood,
The foreign foe, this somber field of blood.
And none presume to built an humble cot
Or till the soil upon this sandy spot.
While every year those hills so green in May,
Are brown and sere on Corpus Christi day;
While all the earth is clad in vivid green,
Blue rolls Wallamet seaward on between,
And plains of plenty smile, Chehalem's crest
Seems stained with blood, and stained, too, is his breast,
That slopes toward the noon; yet east and west
The green hills smile in floral splendor dressed."

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BOOK II.

EPITOME.

Callapoia relates his history and traditions of his people; also how Gray discovered the Columbia river. Taking possession of the country; Prayers; Visit of Chiefs, who relate all the history of the wreck in brief; Where the descendants of those survivors are; How the place received the name of Aragon, or Oregon. Eidolon's prophecy. Callapoia further relates how Gray sailed home and reported his discovery; subsequent action. Gift of Oregon by France, the Lily Queen. Indictment of Britain. Appeal to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland to rise in their might and strike for freedom.

O Callapoia, whence thy silvery name?
Thy people whence? and when, and how they came?
By phantoms led? or chased by cruel foes?
By tempest driven? all the facts disclose.
This my request, and thus the sage replied:
"My people dwelt beyond the restless tide.
Skilled in all arts of peace, averse to war,
By that they built, by this they lost Angkor.
Angkor, the beautiful, in splendor raised;
Their sculptors graced it, and their poets praised.
Reigned Industry and beautified the plains.
The fertile fields were tilled by thrifty swains.
The fruitful earth its harvest ne'er denied.
Thus blessed, Angkor with streets both long and wide,
Reared mighty palaces, and temples grand;

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To view and praise, from every foreign land
Came multitudes. Bright youths from every clime,
Her halls of wisdom sought. Pure and sublime
The mighty truths, by vicious lives unstained,
Were hers to teach by statutes firm constrained."

"Angkor was strong, nor was she counted young,
When in the west the sun a fixture swung
And wooed the moon; yet, in those days of old,
A haggard crone her hapless future told.
In those fair regions of resplendent morn,
Three children were to mighty Neptune born
By poets yet unsung. 'Tis theirs to dress,
To beautify this verdant shore, and bless.
An Eastern princess long before Angkor
Was swept by plagues, or rent by ruthless war,
In a sea cave those lovely children bore,
And for her sake their mighty father tore
His watery shawl from off this blessed shore—
Chippewyan hill but staid his waves before.
'Twas hers to see that long pathetic scroll
Of Angkor's woes, before her vision roll.
A sacrifice, her luckless race to save,
Herself she offered—plunged beneath the wave,
The sea king prayed to freight her people o'er,
With gentle breezes to some foreign shore.
In coral palaces beneath the tide,
Yet queen she reigns, the mighty Neptune's bride.
Her progeny, half-mortal, half divine,
To bless her race, lay tribute all the brine.
First, sweet Chinos with higher powers endowed,
She rides the waves, or mounts upon a cloud,

CHAMPOEG

And comes to greet us in a welcome hour ;
She smites the storm, and breaks his cruel power.
Back to his dungeon of eternal gloom,
She scourges him, and bids the flowers bloom.
Termari, sister, sails the liquid blue,
While spiced perfumes propel her gold canoe.
The fragrant breezes fill each silken sail,
While from each fold the odors rich exhale.
'Tis hers to tint each matchless woodland scene,
And robe the forests in eternal green.
Osmerus, brother, who erstwhile would lead
His silvery herds through coral groves to feed,
Fore'er forsook his father's watery realm,
To stay the hand that sought to overwhelm
His mother's luckless race. He took his stand
On Wakia, the first encountered land ;
There faithfully he flutes his martial strain,
That calls his millions from the restless main,
And bids them hence to distant fountains speed,
The favored thousands of his realm to feed.
And now behold from out the moon-mad waste
He calls the Chinook royal, bids them haste
To fountains far remote—Chippewyan founts
Where springs the Camoenum ; same the mounts
That fed Missouri dark, Nebraska shoal,
And Colorado hastening to his goal
Through mighty canyons, to the torrid brine,
Beyond fair California's distant line.

"Cabrillo's pilot 'tyas, a son of Spain,
Whose faith and cult with Colin crossed the main,
New fields to seek, and ever to abide,

AND OTHER POEMS.

A beacon light, the wandering souls to guide,
That had in darkness groped, since primal man
These valleys roamed, and flight of time began.
Hope was not theirs—theirs only grief and tears.
Since Colin came, some ten and two score years
Had fled, until this favored son of Spain
First gazed upon this heaven blessed domain.
And on the borders of this western world
The banner of the cross, and Spain unfurled.”

“Spain’s flag was now unfurled on every breeze,
And Spanish barks now sailed in all the seas.
While Spanish priests were calling souls to God,
To search for gold, the rugged mountains trod
The Spanish fiends; with blushes be it told,
They slaved the natives, dug, and killed for gold.
Here rose the Mission with its turrets grand,
There sped the demon o’er the conquered land.
The curse of fiends would mingle in the air
With *Te Deum*, and solemn vesper prayer.
One son of Spain’s on Montezuma’s throne,
While in one’s chains Peruvian Incas groan.
Rose in each mart cathedrals rich and high;
On every hill the cross shone in the sky.”

“That restless race no obstacle delayed,
Explored each island, and each coast surveyed.
Cabrillio, thence, to northward sailed away,
Died on his ship in San Diego bay.
His pilot, thence, Cabrillio laid to rest,
Returned to sea, and northward further pressed.
His careful eye observes each rocky cape,

CHAMPOEG

Nor does the smallest isle, nor bay escape.
Majestic mountains, and the green-shawled hills,
His vision greets, his soul with rapture fills.
Now sails he waters deep, now near the shore—
Sees not the Oregon whose solemn roar,
Enormous flood, like distant thunder heard.
That fatal oversight his glory blurred.
'Twas fated thus, Tusoa's son should spy,
And grasp the pearl, that others passing by,
And searching failed. De Fuca sailed those seas,
A Greek, with Spain's proud banner to the breeze,
A hundred years since Colin came, and passed
Into that inland sea; his name at last
He gave unto the strait that thither led,
Fidalgo named, and Angeles, and sped
Unto the Bear's domain of later times.
Charts drew, and wrote at length, for future rhymes."

(Those won for Spain, a hundred years before,
Of witches. Horrible! too base such thing
For Freedom's harp; the beautiful to sing
My theme suggests,—my harp shall hence decline
To throb for fiends—its chords are Freedom, thine.)

"Since Colin came three hundred years had sped,
On wings of time, by strange presentment led
From Boston, Gray, Tusoa's favored son."
(There greatest laurels we from Britain won
In former days. Again in later years
Sailed from her quays midst shouts, and praise, and
tears,
For these far distant mission fields—divine

AND OTHER POEMS.

Their calling; grandly noble and sublime
Their patriotic zeal—those noble few,
Whose worthy deeds, I later will review.)

“The eager winds were kissing every sail,
As sped Columbia on before the gale,
The gulf stream crossed, then over tropic seas,
The starry banner blessing every breeze,
In southern summer turned the treacherous Horn,
Then north and west, where Spanish tongue, unshorn
Of courtly splendor ought, the new world ruled,
From rise to setting sun. The natives schooled
By Spanish might, had Spanish lashes felt,
Submissive bowed at Christian altars knelt.
Yet 'neath the banners of the Cross and Spain,
They thrive and flourish and in numbers gain
Each year. They rule and judge their native land
In wisdom's ways; and working hand in hand
With the invaders, more proficient grew.”
(While in our realm they fade like summer dew
Before the sun. In Canaan's distant land,
Before the Hebrews did each hostile band
And tribe dissolve, and vanish from the field,
And to divine decree submission yield,
Reluctantly; 'tis written thus, and more
Plainly written is thy destiny, sweet shore.)

“Thus sped he on. At last the blessed day,
Arrives in vernal splendor; flowery May
Is queen, and stiff the fragrant breeze,
Blows landward from the grandest sea of seas.
A glowing sunbeam struggling through the pines,

CHAMPOEG

In brilliant splendor, unobstructed shines
Adown a treeless gorge, 'tween vernal walls ;
Upon a crystal floor that sunbeam falls.
One struggling glimmer, then a steady gleam
Has reached the eye of Gray, that welcome beam
Burns to his inmost soul. Thus was the sight
Of Colin cheered. The heaven-blessed light
Has ever thither led." O Light, lead on,
Lead ever me, nor be thy aid withdrawn.

"A shout that heaven's purple concave rent,
Three wild hurrahs with voice of cannon blent,
A hymn of praise, a hundred voices strong,
Rolls on the air, and echoes loud and long.
He who first bore our flag around the world,
In every zone, the rainbow flag unfurled,
Behold him now, as ever at his post,
His helm adjusts as if to cleave the coast ;
Each yard of canvas spread—stiff blows the gale,
And sings among the cordage—every sail
To utmost tension strained, while loudly roar
The surging breakers beating on the shore.
As storm-drove clouds across the heavens ride,
So speeds Columbia through the angry tide.
That glittering sheen now serves his guiding star,
Nor heeds the breakers roaring on the bar ;—
Nearing, nearer now, one moment more,
Columbia leaps the bar and breakers o'er,
And lo, the Oregon ! that river of the west,
Reflects the rainbow banner from his breast.
The white-winged rover with as brave a crew,
Each true and tried, as ever saber drew,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Now floats upon his breast, like graceful swan;
That bosom gentle as a flowery lawn.
Three rousing cheers again with thunder blent,
Such wild hurrahs the vault of heaven rent,
Again a hymn of praise, but louder sung;—
Now echoes first the sweet Tuscan tongue
Across the placid flood. That bold refrain
Shell echo e'er o'er Freedom's vast domain."

"Such spread of wings that swept so grandly by,
Such mighty thunder from a cloudless sky,
Such wondrous voice, nor savage eyes nor ears
Had seen or heard, though ruled for many years
This solitude. Here warriors, chiefs, and sires,
These forests roamed, and built their council fires,
Or joined the chase, or met the hostile foe
And triumphed, praised in song the matchless flow
Of prince of western floods, whose waves each year
Pay tribute to the net, the sein, the spear."

"Each sleepy hamlet soon was all astir,
Gray chiefs with gifts of robes of richest fur:—
Wealth of the flood, and treasures of the chase,
A fleet of black canoes the waters grace,
Each with a score of stalwart men now glide,
In grand maneuver to Columbia's side."

"For years a rumor seemed to haunt the breeze,
The rippling streams, and e'en the sighing trees,
In grandest harmony seemed e'er to tell
Of masters, long expected, who should dwell
Upon this mighty flood. One great canoe,

CHAMPOEG

Grandfathers said, had spotless wings that flew.
Their fathers saw it, and foretold the day,
That it should o'er the breakers find its way.
That great canoe behold their wandering eyes,
Such mighty wings, she swims, and yet she flies.
Each now recalls some legend vague, and old,
Whose father's father years before had told;
And each now strives his fellow to outvie,
As fishermen, to tell the greatest lie;
While others at their silly comrades sneered,
Their silence kept, and thus more wise appeared."

"Gray and his men on deck we now behold,
Just as the sun high noon in heaven told.
A hymn of thanks now echoes on the air,
And thus to God ascends a fervent prayer:—
Almighty God, who ledst across the sea,
The Hebrew slaves, and thereby set them free;
And from thy holy mount proclaimed thy laws,
To guide thy chosen race, O Sacred Cause,
And led them hence into a favored land,
In midst of nations placed, O, Thou whose hand
Sustained their feeble efforts, and their foes
O'erthrew, and placed them safely where the Rose
Of Sharon blooms, and then in later years,
Unto the exile spoke, and midst his tears,
Showed unto him this land where dies the day,
And all its matchless splendor, grand array
Of beauty, verdure, and its priceless worth,
(No other spot so nearly heaven on earth,)
Oh Thou, who when at last arrived the day,
Didst Colin bid seek o'er the deep his way,

AND OTHER POEMS

And him sustained, and whisper voiceless word
Which understood his heart, though ear ne'er heard
And when assassins with their poniards raised,
With threats to strike, he felt thy care, and praised
Thy holy name, that praise we join, and pour
Out heartfelt thanks. Thou us unto this shore
Hast truly led; Oh lead us on, and on,
Through day, and rayless night, and rosy dawn,
And while we plant this banner on the shore,
Dipt first in crystal flood, Oh Thou watch o'er,
And seal this deed, and e'er they aid extend,
That we who plant it here, may e'er defend."

"The prayer was ended now, the good ship stopped,
Her sails were furled, her heavy anchor dropped,
And Gray with saber drawn, our flag in hand
Now took possession of the sea and land.
Soon as the flag was planted on the shore,
A hundred hearts, anew, allegiance swore,
Three loud hurrahs again roll o'er the tide;
That shout American, the freeman's pride,
Voice of the heart, the mouth but office lends,
The soul unites, the heaving breast distends,
From firm set lips, electric echoes roll
That lift the body and ignite the soul;
But why digress? Hast thou that shout not heard,
Nor shouted e'er? Sayst no? Oh fatal word,
Begone thou owl, thy martial manhood's dead,
Go seek thou mice, fit prey, secrete thy head,
And shun the haunts of men, Oh fatal birth,
Thou drone avault, why thus pollute the earth?"

CHAMPOEG

"A perfect day, so mellow, balmy, warm,
Around the ship canoes unnumbered swarm;
While chiefs of rank the ladder next ascend,
The pipe of peace in simple faith extend.
With richest gifts that western wilds could yield,
To savage hands, the mountain, flood, and field,
Unto the welcome stranger, each his share,
Of types promiscuous gave; and laying bare
Their guileless hearts, as simple children gave
A mine of wealth historical, how wave
To flood, and them, such shoals of fish resigns,
To equal which the needles on the pines
Upon these twilight hills, alas would fail;
And how when needed most the thermal gale,
From Iolani comes, and slays the storm.
How mountain monarchs raise their rugged forms
To guard their homes, and dwell among the clouds;
Yet sit on purple thrones, while tintless shrouds
Their rugged shoulders clad; their foreheads crown
The cloudlets, russet, crimson, gold and brown.
How grandsires told them many years before,
The great waves threw upon this vernal shore,
Four black robed men, who with their wondrous book,
That the Great Spirit wrote, would upward look
And talk with him; and taught them all to pray,
Who praying better grew; and day by day
They spake of Aragon, and from the sand
Collected much, that thrown upon the strand
By angry waves, they guarded with great care,
And hid it in the hills, still hidden there,
And how they put a mark upon a cave
That sings, and called it Aragon and gave

AND OTHER POEMS.

That name to all the woods, and hills, and streams.
That many heard its songs, and midnight screams.
Of others, too, they spoke, saved from the tide;
Two Spanish knights, each with his wedded bride,
Hence from Macao, each to his Mexic mine,
Whence scarce a year before, they crossed the brine
Unto Macoa with richest virgin ore."

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"Macao, gem of the east, on China's shore.
Macao, the holy city, shone a beacon light,
As shines a star through blackest clouds of night,
Old Cathay yet 'neath pagan clouds remained;
Deceiving and deceived, the Dragon reigned.
Odoric though, three hundred years before,
Had brought the light of faith unto that shore.
And John in Chambaluc the mitre wore,
A score of suffragans the crosier bore;
Yet all was swept away, and night supreme
Hung like a pall; they yet must sleep and dream,
Not fitted yet for that celestial feast
Those yellow millions of the dreaming east."

"How others came and carried all away
And scattered them whom they declined to slay,
That their descendants live toward the sun,
Beyond the mighty hills, where yet each one
His ebon eyes retains, and raven hair,
With silken gloss and fine, complexion fair,
Nor e'er forgets the book, of it he sings,
Though lost, and ever dreams that someone brings
That idol of the heart. Their fields they till.
They war not. Ever seek the Spirit's will;

CHAMPOEG

And pray anon, that one will yet prevail,
Like Arthur's knights, to seek the Holy Grail,
But seeking find."

"With care this noted Gray,
And bore with him, when sailing hence away,
This beam that pierced those dark mysterious clouds,
That robed so long, and still this region shrouds.
Few were the days that Gray return delayed,
But gathering much, to sail his anchor weighed,
Unfurled his banner on the ocean air,
Report unto the chosen chief to bear,
Immortal Washington, all hail his name,
Which kindles new each drooping patriot's flame,
But heard to love, in Penn's historic town,
Where signed the fifty-six of high renown."

"He crossed the bar, and ere the day was done,
Vancouver met, the pirate's faithful son.
Vancouver long had sought the stream in vain,
Hence Hecta's chart he treated with disdain.
In drunken stupor sailed, but failed to see
The mighty Oregon, the highway of the free.
Gray to Vancouver now the truth disclosed;
That reckless deed the hosts of heaven opposed,
And sent Eidolon their decree to read;
Such crime, abnormal penalty did need."

"Night soon arrived, and from her sable crown,
A thousand gems through drifting clouds looked down.
On the first starbeam that caressed the sea,
Unto Eidolon came high heaven's decree.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Quick to his post the instant 'twas received,
As Satan sped when Ahab he deceived.
Gray paced the deck, while toying with his hair,
The vernal breeze—most fragrant was the air.
He looked aloft, and 'gainst the evening clouds,
Eidolon sat indignant in the shrouds.
'What hast thou done'? Eidolon thus began
'Informed the pirate? Vain unguarded man.
Jehovah long this jewel kept concealed,
Till 'twas to thee, ungrateful man, revealed;
But now the pirate shall invade the flood,
To seize this treasure, risk his wealth and blood.
With British names each lordly peak he'll crown,
And for a season pull the rainbow down.
Though bold explorers shall traverse the land,
And Mammon's envoys build their fortress grand,
Beneath its shade, and claim the flood and tide;
But short their sway. The pirate shall abide
Till heroes come; until the first appears,
From this fair day, 'twill be just forty years."

"This jewel yet Tusoa's brow shall grace,
And on her flag four stars each find a place,
Though pirate hordes her title shall deny,
Through bloody war her holy arms defy."

"Vain is your warning, we are one though twain,
In race and speech, and one will ere remain;
I spurn your threat." In short and few thus Gray.
Eidolon answered in this civil way:
"Thy kindred race and voice, oh plead them not,
Have you so soon that clash of arms forgot?"

CHAMPOEG

Then brothers fought; and 'twas a foreign friend
Espoused your cause, and did assistance lend.
Your parents found fair Eden's groves among,
Their foe malicious spoke their native tongue.
Beware of Britain; shun her base decoy,
She offers wooden horse—remember Troy."
Eidolon ceased and vanished in the deep.
Gray sought his bed, but troubled was his sleep."

"With eagerness the brother-ruler reads
Each item, line, and clause; with care he heeds
Each erudite suggestion made by Gray,
And many such made he, for since the day
This wondrous land beheld his favored eyes,
For Freedom sought to win the envied prize;
Besought the ruler hence the cause espouse,
And strove his countrymen to action rouse;
For Britain long, with her rapacious hand,
Essayed to grasp this heaven blessed land."

"Our national conclave soon in council met,
Before them all reports the ruler set,
With such suggestions as can give the wise,
To ever onward lead, or upward rise.
But party strife all action long delayed,
New ruler chose, and yet no help purveyed."

"A half score stormy years had sped away.
Here Britain lurked (each thief awaits his day).
Her vessels on our mighty rivers rode,
On all our mountains, British names bestowed."
And to this day, oh be it said with shame,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Our matchless peaks are cursed with British names.

“The lily queen, sweet France, our friend indeed,
Whose helping hand in hour of greatest need.
Was ne’er withheld, to fair Tusoa came
In tears to see the cruel blush of shame,
Her perfect face annoy; a flood of tears
Bedimmed her dark brown eyes; presentient fears
Her heart disturbed; lurked ever near the foe,
Through wrangling sons to seek her overthrow.”

“Then France, the beautiful, in lilies dressed,
A golden cross adorned her faultless breast.
From her rich wreath extracts a lily rare,
And placed it in Tusoa’s silken hair:—
‘Hail fair Tusoa, sister, latest born,
The rose and lily shall thy brow adorn,
My gift the lily, thou hast won the rose,
In sanguine strife, from haughty kinsman-foes.
Oh, I beheld upon thy natal morn,
How kinsmen sought thy life, as soon as born.
The realm of woe no sadder sight can give,
Than children fighting for the right to live.
In need I gave my sons, would give thee more;
In combat that, in peace take thou this shore.

“Then France, the beautiful, in accents sweet,
This treasure laying at Tusoa’s feet:—
‘Hail Freedom’s queen, this gift pray not disdain,
Thy reign is endless, sea-bound thy domain.
Thee and thy glory by prophetic gleam,
The great Revealer saw in holy dream.

CHAMPOEG

Oh listen, sister, 'fell her accents low,
As moonbeams fall upon the spotless snow;
"Beware of Britain, her rapacious hand
Will strive to seize this sacred twilight land.
Death's war-cloud red is rising in the skies,
And scenes prophetic swim before my eyes.
How long will she decrees of Heaven defy?
Conclusions she's resolved again to try;
Thy outposts seize, insult thy starry flag,
And hoist instead her lurid crimson rag.
Ah, much bespeaks that rag of turbid red;
First, seas of unoffending blood she's shed;
Then fetters, witness? Erin's isle behold,
Or India, through whose gates of pearl and gold
Arrives the morning sun, in Scripture named,
In lore profound, in song and story famed.
The dearest human ties she's oft betrayed,
And dared the precincts of the church invade,
To murder Joan of Arc, oh blackest crime;
Eternal torment hers, too short is time.
Of hell begotten, she's that little horn
That Daniel saw that horrid beast adorn;
Three kings pluck up, and the Most High blaspheme,
His saints o'ercome. Full well prophetic gleam
Has her foreshown; e'en now her hellish brand,
Must in man's forehead be, or in his hand,
Ere he can buy or sell. Of her beware—
Thee to entrap she's setting now her snare.
In years short hence, thy brightest son behold,
He strives to sell this vernal shore for gold,
From thee and Freedom, Britain lays the snare,
And he but human falls, beware, beware."

AND OTHER POEMS.

"Arise, ye kings of Erin, Scotia, Wales,
The horn is broken, longer not prevails.
Arise, too long thy lore, and martial wealth,
Infused within her carcass, wondrous health,
To weaken thine, each gem of worth purloins
And with her wealth of stolen treasures joins.
In Jurisprudence, both at bench and bar,
Thy harvest gleams, and hence thy laurels mar.
Oh, Scotia, rise, the harlot base confound;
Rise Caledonia, crush the head that's crowned
Except with thorns and laurels, many thine
By rich deserve, both earthly, and divine."

"Land of Llewellyn, rise and strike the blow;
Rise, crush the head of thy malicious foe.
The sable smoke wreaths from thy seething forge,
Hung like a pall o'er plain, and mountain gorge,
So dense that ne'er the wisest could behold,
How all thy wealth into her coffers rolled.
Thy language, too, the tyrant from thee wrung,—
The silvery whispers of Llewellyn's tongue,
Thy children seldom hear, and hear no more
Thy wandering minstrels singing on the shore."

"Oh, Erin, waken, thou hast slept too long,
And sleeping weaker grown, the foe more strong.
Too oft thy sons her arms to victory led,
And for her cause, unmeasured crimson shed.
Thy voiceless harp, too long has silent hung,
Or if to sing, in foreign lands is strung.
In priestly robes thy sons in foreign climes
Their alters serve, which home is branded crimes."

CHAMPOEG

The frigid north, the sultry tropic air
The Irish voice disturbs in fervent prayer."

BOOK III.

EPITOME.

Callapoia relates how his people worshipped Eidolon instead of Jehovah. How they met on the holy island once each year. Describes the games, races, wedding ceremonies, feasts, and the great council held each year under Multnoma. He gives a history of the roguery of Enumclaw; his failure, and exposure; also of the berry queen, Hiyou Olalla. He also mentions the names of: Masatchewawa, the foul-mouthed; Cultus-tomtom, the unprincipled knave; Old Siwash Hyack and his devoted wife, Klootchman Hyack, the trappers of water fowl, and diggers of the wapato, who foiled the scheme of Enumclaw.

He gave an account of the fight between Enumclaw and Masatchewawa; also mentions young Cultuswawa and his sarcastic song.

Exile of Enumclaw and his fellow rascals. Burning of the last sacrifice.

Said I, O Callapoia, tell me more,
About thy people on the new found shore.
What sprites they worshipped in Jehovah's stead;
Where? With what rite? With songs? With games?

He said:

"They knew not God, but worshipped long as such,
Eidolon, called Klaboterman in Dutch.
In stone they fashioned him of human mould,

CHAMPOEG

The gender masculine exposed, yet cold,
His hands were tightly clasped. Unto his breast
The book of fates and mysteries he pressed.
Upon the holy isle his altar stood,
In sacred precincts of an oaken wood."

"When Juana came the living God to preach;
The precepts of our holy faith to teach;
To a dark grot, upon the ocean's shore,
His devotees Eidolon's image bore.
Till Juana fell, then from that dark defile,
They brought him back unto the holy isle;
And once each year, where mightily rivers meet,
In grand maneuver came the three-fold fleet,
That bore his worshippers. 'Twixt mount and sea,
A score of nations dwelt secure and free.
For seven days the banquet spread the ground,
And votive offerings his altar round:
Fruits of the flood, and winnings of the chase.
With feats of strength, and gorgeous naval race,
Vied swimming contests, and the trials of speed,—
While bards related every valorous deed."

"Where Callapoia's crystal waters glide
Did Renroh, blower of the horn, reside;
'Twas his, he claimed, those verses to review;
Preserve the oldest, and reject the new.
Ekard, the waterfowl, he did ignore.
Spurned Drahrebé whose father slew the boar;
But Margelet arose, with all his might,
"O'erthrew the lout, and put the dolt to flight;
Called Monlifera from his green retreat,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Bade flame and flood assist his nimble feet.
On Lightning's wings the faithful courier sped,
O'er mount and mead, unstinted praise to spread.
And mighty Vulgus sanctioned Margelet,
With wild applause for praising Drahrebé
As when the barkings of bidet McCleay,
Told other jackals in the darkness lay,
Tusoa sent three of her sons to judge
The great dispute, investigate the grudge
That bred the slanderous lie. Two strove to shun;
But truth and honor nobly championed one.
Then great Vulgare brushed the twain away,
And asked, more eager, "What does Dewey say?"
Full well they knew his honest word alone,
A thousand barking puppies would dethrone,
Thus Margelet, who spoke great Vulgus' thought,
O'erthrew abuses, and all virtues taught,
Voiced lines of Drahrebé, judged his the best,
And hailed him Twilight Thrush, a Virgil in the west.
Thus passed four days, the fifth in council met
The old and wise, and lest they should forget
The code of morals, each was bid rehearse
The holy maxims in soft, rhythmic verse;
And he whose verses were most sweet and wise,
The chieftain's daughter claimed his legal prize;
While other maidens of less high degree
Were won by feats of strength and chivalry.
The happiest day of all, the love-day, sixth,
Then 'twas by both the law and custom fixed
Each man must find a wife. The maids could choose,
If fancy favored, or them all refuse."

CHAMPOEG

“Here the first race ’neath fair autumnal skies,
The course, the island round, the royal prize
Wallula, princess, the great chieftain’s child,
Enumclaw, rogue, strives with Kalama, styled
The valiant knight by some Eidolon’s son.
By lot the course they chose, reverse to run,
One to the north, the other westward sped;
That seven leagues down stream this six instead;
That in Scappoos, six sluggish leagues to face;
This in the blended waters, seven that race.
Enumclaw, rogue, a cunning, crafty lout,
By base deceit, he gained the favored rout.
Ten stalwart men, each, in his state canoe
Launched with the morn, and o’er the waters flew.
Eidolon and Chinos were mute with awe,
Such base deceit the eyes divine ne’er saw.
To blight his hopes, to thwart his wicked scheme,
Eidolon turned Wallamet’s flood up stream.
Then down Scappoos Wallamet’s water race,
In hot pursuit old Aragon’s doth chase;
The floods united, down the new found rout.
O’erflow the banks, and wash the willows out;—
Kalama’s state canoe they urge along,—
Light hearted are his men, and loud their song.
Refreshed by exercise the north cape round
They turn in triumph, yet no sight nor sound
Of rogue Enumclaw came. They flee the shores,
For dreams of treachery and ambush o’er
Newborn suspicions came. A brisk north breeze,
To urge them on, Chinos sent from the seas.
The racing boat Eidolon much amused;
While on the breeze Chinos perfumes diffused.

AND OTHER POEMS.

With great eclat, Enumclaw sped away,
Loud was his song—most beautiful the day.
His crew surmised that things were going wrong,
Their strokes grew feeble, more obtuse their song.
The waters buffet, and the winds oppose,
The guardian spirits, all, now seem their foes.
Masatchewawa, foul-mouthed, and obscene,
The spirits cursed, the earth, the forest green,
The streams, the sky, and more the stiff north breeze,
That lashed the water, while it swayed the trees."

"Now Cultustomtom was as base a knave
As ever went unwept unto his grave;
He now suggested they the stream forsake,
Steal 'cross the isle, and better headway make.
Enumclaw heard, approved, steered for the shore,
The route he knew, he'd passed that way before.
Then his base slaves at his more base command,
Leaped in the stream, and led the boat to land;
Then up the bank they led the great canoe,
O'er logs, and rocks, the grass, and bushes through.
Near the west shore, beneath luxuriant grass,
The flooding waters formed a deep morass,
So loose the fertile soil. He knew this not,
So rushed headlong upon the treacherous spot.
And thus unwarned, as to the swamp they raced,
Some to the shoulders sank, some to the waist.
Oft when down hill the ponderous craft would slide,
Enumclaw leaped upon the boat to ride,
Well nigh the bow, and when they all plunged in,
Fell overboard, and sunk unto his chin.
The green frog-slime unto his long hair hung,

CHAMPOEG

And 'round his neck the emerald pendants clung.
The lucky few who toiled along behind,
To save themselves, of course, were first inclined."

"To trap wild fowl, to dig the wapato,
Old Siwash Hyack early sought the slough,
While Klootchman Hyack, his devoted wife,
Toiled by his side through her eventless life.
These watched, secreted, when those left the stream.
These heard their jeers, their songs obscene, their
scream

Born of Surprise. Fleet as a wild gazelle,
They to the rescue rushed. Old songs yet tell
How they a bridge of bark and limbs prepared;
How those released, the arduous labors shared,
And how Enumclaw, who was
Was drawn by ropes unto the upturned boat;
And how the boat, the boatmen all rescued,
Was drawn to shore, the o'erland trip renewed,
And in the waters of the wild Scappoos,
They launched the great canoe, which breaking loose,
Sped like an arrow from the bow released.
Enumclaw's anger with his woes increased,
Accused as author, and without disguise,
The wretch who did this escapade advise.
His right hand seized Masatchewawa's throat,
Him with his right, Masatchewawa smote,—
Cut deep his cheek, and broke his hawk-like nose.
On him Enumclaw dealt terrific blows.
With his huge left he broke his swinelike jaw,
Still grasped his throat and beat his visage raw.
Masatchewawa with his hands ungyved,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Both of Enumclaw's eyes of light deprived.
The desperate combat savage was, but brief;
The unwashed boatmen rushed to give relief,
Led the combatants to the racing flood,
Essayed to wash, and staunch the spurting blood."

"Hiyou Olalla from her mountain home,
Where grow the huckleberries, chanced to come
With freighted squadron and the lost canoe,
Her legal prize, which o'er the waters flew
'Neath spreading sails. She chose the boat to steer
Elated by success. As she drew near,
She swept along the shore, urged by the breeze.
Enumclaw's men had hid behind the trees,
By shame o'ercome. Far up the narrow stream
They heard the boatmen's song, ere from their dream
Or stupor they awoke. Awoke to hear
A boistrous crowd, with taunts, approaching near."

"Olalla's fleet approached the sacred shore
In crescent form, her prize ship stood before.
With joy they welcomed her and wild acclaim,
And each bestowed his choice endearing name.
While yet in air their cheers in echoes rung,
Up from their midst a shout ferocious sprung:
A savage shout of anger born and rage,
Like goaded bull, or famished beast in cage.
Enumclaw's brother spied his state canoe,
And thus in rage to words of vengeance flew:
'To arms! to arms! Death to that pirate train,
They have encountered, and the unarmed slain.
Those sailed away while glistened yet the dew,

CHAMPOEG

Unto this spot returns his state canoe;
The prize we claim. Hear there his rivals' song,
While bloody hands now urge his boat along.
Commotion swayed Enumclaw's maddened race,
While Consternation carved on every face
His rigid lines. The war shout rent the air;
A thousand frenzied men for war prepare.
From twice a thousand shouts defiant rose,
With arms concealed they sprang before their foes.
Old Kloutchman Hyack, agile as a hind,
Flew to the camp swift as the morning wind.
She told Multnoma of Enumclaw's plight,
His lost canoe and of his savage fight,
The tale minute; and the sagacious chief
A score of men dispatched to their relief;
Foreseeing trouble should the lost canoe,
Without Enumclaw's crew appear in view,
He called his faithful guards and bade them arm,
Avoid suspicion nor betray alarm."

"Hark! down the isle, what mean those noisy cheers?
That boistrous laughter? Those sarcastic jeers?
Hilarious boys, some with the soldiers ran,
Some lagged behind, while others led the van,
When they Enumclaw's sorry plight beheld,
In sport they shouted, in derision yelled."

"Young Cultuswawa was a roguish swain,
He saw the sunny side in mirth or pain,
The absurd and grotesque, twin fountains sprang
Spontaneous in his soul, and thus he sang:
'Enumclaw, hail, in wedding garb arrayed

AND OTHER POEMS.

Go, gallant boatmen, claim the regal maid.
Thy seas are, potent sailor, brush and logs.
Hail, noble hunter, seeking snakes and frogs.
Methinks the chieftain willingly would share
His throne with thee if he could see thy hair.
He has for thee no jewels to bedeck,
Rich as the emeralds that adorn thy neck.
Hail, dauntless warrior, robed in hero's paint;
Could he against such tinting make complaint?"

"Boys crowded closely, and with jeers and taunts,
The rogue reminded of his noisy vaunts.
With jeers all greet them, and with laughter loud,
As they like cattle driven, passed the crowd,
Just as Kalama left the current strong,
Arrived at camp with loud, victorious song."

"Wroth was Multnoma as he wise judgment passed:
Exiled the rascals, all as outlaws classed.
Far to the north upon an obscure spot,
Abode they fixed, and race of rogues begot."

"The seventh morn the camp was all astir,
Before the sun, for bridal bowers of fir,
And cedar boughs, with autumn leaves adorned,
Must greet each wedded pair, and each one scorned
His bower to be the last. He was the jest,
The butt of jokes, the guy for all the rest.
And when the sun had marked the midday hour,
Each bride and groom were seated in their bower,
Eidolon's priests would make the future known,
And each apply what he presumed his own.

CHAMPOEG

Then maids and matrons, men, and children, all,
From bower to bower went to make their call,
And spend in converse the remaining day,
Bestowing blessings as they went their way.
Just as the sun dropped o'er the western hill,
The luckless racers' great canoe they'd fill
With votive offerings that in heaps were piled,
(Those made for sin, and hence were deemed defiled.)
Betwixt the offerings, piled secure and high,
Were layers of grass, inflammable and dry.
And as the moon would to midheaven steal,
Smile on the isle from off her golden wheel,
The flying squadron led the doomed canoe
Unto the middle of the stream, in view
Of all the worshipers; the torch applied,
They let her drift in flames upon the tide.
The angry flames fed by the grasses dry
Would leap, and whirl, and bellow 'gainst the sky.
Far down the stream, till a mere speck she shone,
They silent stood and watched her die alone.
Thus we were taught that we should hear some day,
One died alone to take our sins away."

"Before each bower, all the seventh night,
By offerings fed, there blinked a votive light.
A larger blazed, fed with dry maple wood,
Before Eidolon's shrine. His image stood
There till Waskema's woeful words of death,
Unchained the sprites that rode on Helen's breath,
And slew, until the woodland, mead, and plain,
Were filled with heaps of stupid caitiffs slain;
Which to consume, were kindled funeral pyres,
That burned his altar, as his race expires."

AND OTHER POEMS.

BOOK IV.

EPITOME.

Callapoia relates how the people became excited when Gray's report was published. Appointment of Lewis and Clark, with twenty-eight others, to explore the country. They spend the first winter with the descendants of those two couples saved from the wreck of the Aragon. They resume their journey in the spring. Discovery and descent of the Oregon (Columbia) river. They spend the winter and start on their return in the spring. They make their report. Efforts of some to make settlement. War with Britain. Loss of the coast.

"Next Jefferson the sons of freedom chose
To guide their ship of state, to thwart their foes,
To guard their heritage, their realm extend,
Enforce the laws, and every right defend.
He Britain had indicted once before,
The charges signed with five and fifty more;
And now as cycling years brought forth the day
The gift of France accepts without delay.
Determined to explore the unknown west,
And to the task at once himself addressed."

"Our national congress met in council grand;
The ruler stated what his wisdom planned:
That trusty sons proceed unto this shore,
The land possess, and every part explore.

But there arose a clamor fierce and loud,
 Objections many, interposed the crowd:
 A visionary scheme, reports decoys,
 And each the other strove to drown with noise,—
 The braggart's argument, too often used,
 And sacred rights, therewith, as oft abused.
 From Freedom's cradle sprang our fiercest foes,
 Who each expanse of empire to oppose,
 Used every effort; and for British gold,
 By cunning and deceit unblushing, sold
 Twelve and a hundred leagues of verdant coast,
 The key of commerce, (so the Britons boast).
 A nation in itself, of wealth untold,
 Of endless treasures, silver, coal, and gold;
 With forests grand, of cedars, firs, and pines;
 Fertile prairies, fruit-bearing shrubs, and vines,
 Majestic rivers, fully half a score,
 With fishes filled, and at our northern door;
 There Britain sits and sneers, and sneering frowns,
 As o'er the ashes of Acadian towns.
 Hence her red flag insults the fragrant breeze,
 From Iolani blown, that robber of the seas."

"The leader triumphed by his firm resolve,
 And hence on him did all the care devolve,
 First under God, his too the glory be,
 Who struck for Freedom's heritage, and he
 Struck not in vain. Searched he at length the land,
 The worthy found, and given in command,
 A retinue of eight and twenty strong,
 None braver, heroes serve, in prose or song.
 He Lewis chose from fair Virginia's realm

AND OTHER POEMS.

And Clark, companion, placed them at the helm."

"Soon mistress of the north was balmy spring;
Moves forth the expedition, everything
In order perfect. Mortals ne'er before
Such venture undertook, in vain explore
The realms of song, of romance or of dream,
No parallel appears, too tame all seem."

This vast domain, gift of the lily queen,
Is Liberty's plantation, ever green
Must it be kept; if the last drop of blood,
That course my veins, be needed, ope the flood.
Oh sacred heritage! God, teach thou me
To serve my country best, by serving Thee.
Burns more intense my patriotic flame,
Since I progenitors can backward name,
For thousand years? Their blood that flows my veins.
Me with their virtues bless, or curse with stains?
By happiness enriched, since I behold,
This wore a laurel crown, that one of gold?
By honors crowned, since diligently schooled,
These Wurtemberg, and those Friuli ruled?
Delusive thought, and vain the thinker quite,
To serve my country is the true delight;
If need be sword, if not, by loyal pen,
None more sincere among the sons of men.
Be braver heart, oh stronger grow my arm,
To smite the foe, that seeks my country's harm.
Shout loudly tongue, and never praise deny,
Seraphic choirs, from out the azure sky,
Join thou my song; too weak my quivering voice,

CHAMPOEG

Too frail my harp; oh child of light rejoice,
Take thou thy stand beside the twilight sea,
And swear anew, my country shall be free.
Death to the fiend who dares the traitor play,
Death to the foe, who seeks unjust the fray.

“Meanwhile, ere spring in summer’s arms has died,
The cavalcade moves up Missouri’s tide;
A wilderness of flowers, brightest hues,
One endless velvet lawn, where morning dew
Bejeweling, a perfect scene prepare.
All life is buoyant, free from want and care.
The turbid water from the melting snows,
In volume swells, each day more muddy grows.
The idle redmen stare in great surprise,
Such gaudy equipage had ne’er their eyes
Beheld. They, with their honest hearts, essayed
A friendly truce, though they beheld invade
Their ancient heritage. ’Tis Freedom’s van,
Her realm imperial viewing; every man
A prince, and to her manor born. Each day
They measure streams, their width, and depth, survey
The heavens o’er, note the degrees; how far ,
They have advanced; each rapids; eddy, bar,
Carefully examine they. E’en the grass,
Its kind and name, and flowers, as they pass,
With care observe they all. The summer’s death,
The birth and death of autumn, winter’s breath,
Record they each in turn. A sudden snow,
Where yet all waters to the eastward flow,
Compels a rendezvous. A great surprise
Awaits; no idle redmen greet their eyes,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Nor those to them akin. A fair skinned race,
Dark eyed and silken haired, a perfect face,
Of rare intelligence; environed quite,
By peaceful savages, and mental night.
Yet speak they much of what their fathers told,
Of whom they sprang, where mighty rivers rolled
Into the sea; about a book they prize,
That silent language spoke into the eyes.
It once they had, but now they have it not,
Yet ever seek; and of a sacred spot,
Where dwelt their fathers once, cast on the shore.
An endless haze of vague romantic lore."

"But in their midst a foreign face they spy,
Coarse are her locks, and raven black her eye.
A captive girl, child-wife of Charboneau,
A French outcast, in mental stupor low.
He yet his father's mellow speech retained,
Corrupt and lame; yet through his speech they gained
Those legends vague and strange. Through it they
heard

Tales of the captive wife: 'The Forest Bird'
The angel's name, Sacajawea, man's.
Canst thou unriddle great Jehovah's plans?
The unseen Hand, that led the Hebrew maid
To Naaman's house, who holy task essayed,
And led her master to the man of God,
Who cleansed his leprosy, and holy sod
For mascot gave; so when the redmen fought,
He saved this child, to other peoples brought,
To furnish Freedom's sons mascot, and guide,
Through hostile tribes, beyond the great divide.

CHAMPOEG

Beyond that wall her brother reigned supreme,
Where rolls the Cameomum, noble stream,
That bears the name of Lewis. Charboneau,
And Forest Bird with them agree to go."

"The winter passed, they early westward sped.
O'er mount, and mead, Sacajawea led,
Unto her brother's house, whence years before,
Her cruel captors her a captive bore.
Joy filled the brother's heart. With open hand,
He gifts bestowed upon that worthy band.
A lasting friendship pledged, and from his guest,
Received medallion, that adoned his breast,
Until he slept. To greet the Forest Bird,
And those she led, Osmerus sent his herd.
Here grass-shawled hills stretch far toward the sea,
Where scores of nations dwell, secure and free.
Here agile horsemen curbed the restless steed,
Flew o'er the hills, as birds from cages freed.
These at her word, a friendly truce essayed,
And signs of friendship, unalloyed, displayed;
They horses, food, and faithful guards supplied,
Or great canoes, the rapid streams to ride."

"Here leagues of landscape, gorgeous scenes display,
Here Freedom's queen of all that they survey;
And all behind, and all yet to be seen,
If mountains white, or hills, -or valleys green,
Or rivers, lakes, and e'en the mighty sea,
Are hers from God, and hers shall ever be.
No royal foot to foul, has touched the sod—
A holy gift, straight from the hand of God."

AND OTHER POEMS.

"Where lordly Oregon contracts his tide,
Turns on his side, 'twixt ragged walls to glide,
The Wishram thieves abode. That lawless band
Restored their plunder at the girl's command."

"Next scenic beauty greets their eager eyes :
A liquid floor; a roof, the cloud-flecked skies;
While walls basaltic, rugged, wild, and high,
In matchless grandeur seem to kiss the sky;
Some shawled in green, some everlasting snow.
A sunken forest greets their eyes below.
The shock that did fair Lisbon overthrow,
Shake half the earth, and roil Ontario,
A heaven built bridge that spanned the stream o'er-
threw,
Submerged the forest that now meets their view.
The timid redmen from their peaceful trail,
Told half by signs, in whispers half the tale."

"No fiery steeds the natives here bestrode,
To race, or war, in great canoes they rode:
Not unlike those the Grecians did employ,
In that long war, that ruined heaven built Troy.
As others, these the native signal read:
Where women are they need not warriors dread.
The Forest Bird with Lewis rode, and Clark;
Her tender babe bound in his cradle bark,
And from the mountains to the wave-washed shore,
The nations came, and lasting friendship swore.
With one accord the hungry to regale,
Their best they brought, nor did their pledges fail.
They pass the cataract, deep waters ride,

CHAMPOEG

That first betrays faint traces of the tide."

"Betwixt the mountains and the mighty sea,
A score of nations dwelt secure and free.
Canoes a thousand skimmed the crystal flood,
Flew in the race, or to the field of blood;
Since Juana thus. A brother's holy flame
Burned in their hearts when Mammon's children came."

"Where blue Wallamet's crystal waters blend
With Oregon's, an island doth extend
Six leagues toward the north. Kesano's smoke
Curled here in air, and council verbiage spoke.
A thousand men he oft to battle led,
And when his fought, a thousand foemen bled.
Within a grove, unto his mansion close,
He reared an altar to the sweet Chinos.
Mahonia fed the sacrificial spark;
That is her shrub, her bird the meadow-lark.
When first she rose from her bejeweled cave,
In regal splendor on the thermal wave,
Ere mounting hence into the realm of air,
The liquid gems shook from her silken hair,
And as the rocket heavenward soars ablaze,
Mid heaven bursts, and thousand stars displays,
So burst each gem, and from the bursting sprung,
A thousand choristers of sweetest tongue.
In clouds they rose, and each essayed to sing,
Chinos the beautiful, the queen of spring.
Valmalo old, that demon of the east,
A thousandfold his fury now increased.
Unholy, truceless war at once he waged,

AND OTHER POEMS.

With all her hosts the Queen of Spring engaged.
They to resent such base and heinous wrong,
Joined in the fray—unfinished left their song.”

“Upon this isle Eidolon’s image stood,
In shady precincts of a somber wood.
Here once Multnoma reigned, a mighty man,
When time was young, ’twas said his race began.
When fell the bridge, Witch Mountain ceased to fume,
And future suns shone on his peoples’ tomb.”

“Eternal verdure robed this fair domain,
Dark rolling clouds betoken early rain,
A brisk south wind speeds their canoes along,
And all is gladness—loudly rolls their song.”

“Where Cowlitz does his waters disemboque,
Comcomly met them in his state pirogue.
He, king of kings, and monarch of the west,
Than others more a friendship deep confessed.
Them gifts he brought, from flood, from chase and
 brine,
And bade them welcome to this spot divine.
With great eclat the mixed flotilla sailed,
The woods and winds a sweet perfume exhaled.”

“Now summer flees, and mellow autumn claims
With rich bouquets, the woodlands all in flames
Of highly burnished beauty. On the strand,
Where Ocean’s sprays caress the blessed land,
Are Freedom’s envoys all; with flag in hand,
To God, and Freedom, dedicates the land

CHAMPOEG

The leader, firm, intrepid, brightest son
Of southern chivalry; his laurels won
By both the sword and pen; high be his name
Engraved among the great who merit fame.
As Freedom's messenger, in power dressed,
In simple language he his words expressed:
'Tis Freedom's threshold, ever undefiled
Must it be kept. Dame Nature here has smiled
Her sweetest smile, this homestead thus to dress.
Almighty Father, guard, protect, and bless
This vernal shore; may tread of royal feet,
Ne'er stain the sacred soil, but sore defeat
Their acts abortive visit. Ever be
Thy throne, O Freedom, by the twilight sea.
A beacon light shall on each headland stand,
And thither guide the ships of every land;
For all the ships that skim the angry tide,
May on thy breast at anchor safely ride,
O Oregon, thou broad majestic stream,—
Thou western monarch, e'er the poet's theme.
Much virgin treasures in those mountains sleep,
For Freedom's noble sons, they shall dig deep
And find, and falter not, but seeking more,
The deep recesses of the earth explore.
Those valleys fair, one endless harvest field,
That year by year shall not refuse to yield,
Her golden store. Here first resplendent shine,
Fair Freedom's torch across this field of brine.
Here church and school in peace together stand,
Their holy light illuminate the land;
For no armed foe need we so greatly fear,
As ignorant, sensational pulpiter.'

AND OTHER POEMS.

The leader ceased, the mighty sea beside,
And thus the monarch in rich tones replied:
'White brothers, hail, O let me grasp your hand,
And bid you welcome to this vernal land.
Far you have roamed, viewed each resplendent scene,
Our mountain monarchs, and our valleys green,
Our green shawled hills, our broad majestic streams
That far outshone your wildest, fondest dreams.
Thine be these streams, these mountains, vales and sea
Abide with us, we give them all to thee.
Thrice welcome, brothers, we are told you know
The way to heaven—teach us how to go.'

"O brothers, listen, I will tell you more.
How heaven's messengers protect this shore:
Termari, faithful, sails the restless blue,
While spiced perfumes propel her gold canoe,
'Tis hers to tint each matchless woodland scene,
And robe the forests in eternal green.
Osmerus, brother, took his lonely stand
On Wakia, the first encountered land;
There faithfully he flutes his martial strain,
That calls his millions from the restless main,
And bids them hence to distant fountains speed,
The favored thousands of his realm to feed.
To you he sent a present from his herd,
Where reigns the brother of the Forest Bird.
Next, Iolani comes on fragrant breeze,
Mysterious spirit from the thermal seas,
Ethereal vestments robe her mystic form,
In realms celestial as she slays the storm.'
(Now Iolani was her sacred name,

CHAMPOEG

Till 'Chinese Maid,' by Juana, when he came,
And hence Chinos, the Spanish name she took,
Until we mouthers came, and hence Chinook.)
'If she too long her aid divine delays,
On Wakia, three sacred beacons blaze,
With dry mahonia fed. When dies the storm,
Upon the headland thousand children swarm,
With sacred wreaths, pale, russet, red, and green,
Each eager first, her gift unto her queen."

"Once, years ago, she came to slay the storm,
One fiend escaped, assumed the eagle's form;
In sore confusion raised himself on high,
And watched the innocents with vengeful eye;
In moment opportune he swooped to earth,
And seized a babe, a child of royal birth,
Bore her aloft, while from each fatal wound,
Blood of the innocent rained on the ground.
There sprang from earth, where each drop royal fell,
The matchless sanguineum, to excel
The which the whole of Flora's fragrant train,
Seek not the strife, to strive is ever vain.
Each scarlet drop that on the waters fell
The sprites encased within an opal shell,
And sank it deep, beyond the storm king's sway,
To rest while weeks, and years, and ages roll away,
Much more he spoke, his pledges to renew;
And to his royal city next withdrew."

"Those passed the winter by this western wave,
In rude stockade, Fort Clatsop, name they gave;
With roofs to shelter from the winter's rain.

AND OTHER POEMS.

With eager eyes for sails they search the main.
Hence radiate along and from the shore,
To view the landscapes, and each nook explore.
The natives, true, as best beseems good friends,
Their wants discover, and supplies attend."

"When Spring is born, they next return essay.
Comcomly's fleet escorts them on their way,
While with supplies, their pirogues and canoes
Soon loaded are—such as the redmen use.
This vernal morn, the sky in perfect blue,
They bid this shore reluctantly adieu."

"Waskema comes, and of the future speaks,
While tears to hinder flood her hollow cheeks.
She curbed emotions, and in anguish cried:
'What great Waconda shows I cannot hide,
A pirate foe while rancor fills her breast,
Shall claim this realm, and every rood contest.
Thine it shall be, but after forty years,
By valor purchased, and bedewed with tears.
Ere Spring has died, by last Chipewyan fount
That westward flows, thou shalt begin to count."

"They home returned. In simple language dressed
Their story told about the mighty west."

CHAMPOEG

BOOK V.

EPITOME.

Mammon resolves to anticipate Jehovah in settling and claiming this coast. He persuades Astor to undertake the mission. Astor fits out an expedition to cross the continent with many presents for the natives, and a large stock of articles for trade.

He fits out the Tonquin to sail around Cape Horn and meet the overland expedition at the mouth of the Oregon.

Arrival. Building of Astoria. Departure of the Tonquin for the north. Destruction of the vessel and entire crew.

Comcomly's friendship for the Americans. Marriage of his daughter. His wealth of wisdom.

War with Great Britain. Loss of this coast. Comcomly offers his men to fight for the Americans. Accuses his son-in-law of cowardice.

“Now Mammon came, of richest treasures told,
Of rare adventures, and his envied gold;
And ceaselessly he plead the wealth of furs,
In accents such the restless ever stirs,
And Astor thus beguiled, whose couriers fleet,
Sped north, and west, to each frontier retreat,
Where loiter those who from the wilds returned,
In wild carousal spending all they've earned.
McKenzie thither sped, and thither Hunt;
These in adventures ever sought the front.

AND OTHER POEMS.

The brave frontiersman reared in realms of snow,
His wilderness forsook, with them to go;
An army soon of dauntless, true, and tried,
Who'd braved the storm king, and his wrath defied.
With bales of fabrics of the brightest shade,
And stores of trinkets,—these for gifts and trade."

"There is no sprite, infernal nor divine,
Can count such crowds as kneel at Mammon's shrine,
Without one hypocrite. To win his grace,
Swarm devotees from every zone and race.
By him cajoled, now westward rushed afar,
That dauntless throng, his gold their guiding star.
A mighty ship all freighted down with stores,
Prepared to sail for these resplendent shores,
A weary distance round the stormy Horn,
Commanded by a sullen master, Thorn.
McDougal, governor, and a clannish few
Of Mammon's agents, and a self-willed crew
The master spurned, his precedence denied
But claimed, and his authority defied."

"The citizens of heaven were mute with awe:
Such grotesque farce their eyes divine ne'er saw,
And mortals seek in vain a trace to find
Where Mammon ever led,—he sneaks behind."

"The ship sped on, through southern summer seas,
The starry flag to bless, kissed every breeze,
While from her prow, two furrows bright as gold,
One to the land, the other seaward rolled;
That sped to kiss each sunny, southern shore,

CHAMPOEG

And each caress divine contagion bore,
That kindled in each honest patriot's breast,
A love for freedom, and that great unrest
That naught can still, till from his native shore,
The tyrant is expelled; though human gore
Must flood the earth to wash the stain away,
And with the stain, all traces of his sway.
Now partner Stewart was an easy soul:
The pipe his glory, or a flowing bowl.
When all the hirelings they'd brought along
Were gathered round, he'd lead the frontier song.
While the young clerks would take supreme delight,
Descriptions vivid in their books to write,
Of each resplendent scene, each storied isle,
Each new spied coast, and thus the hours beguile.
As when at play will wild hilarious boys,
Espouse opinions with unearthly noise.
A verbal duel thus fought every day,
McDougal, proxy, and colleague McKay.
About the fort proposed they well agreed,
The store, or other buildings they would need;
But where the windows, or the doors should be—
How many each—they never could agree."

"The master, splenetic, uncivil, sneered;
Unfriendly in a thousand ways appeared,
Chose he from first unmeasured fault to find,
His spirit arrogant, his words unkind.
His inward being gloated with delight,
To domineer, discord provoke and spite.
Ne'er gleamed the stars at night, nor rose the sun,
That saw no strife, no quarrels new begun.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Thus they carreered o'er liquid fields of blue.
Their rancor burned—each day explosions new,
Till they, at length, saw 'gainst fair summer skies,
The snow-capped mountains of Owyhee rise."

"They steer for shore, into the harbor glide,
For seven days at anchor safely ride.
The island monarch soon appeared in view,
His state pirogue across the waters flew.
In style they welcome him. The cannon's roar
Rolls o'er the waves, and echoes 'gainst the shore.
In scarlet coats they greet their royal guest,
With their importance much the king impresed,
Alliance formed, supplies and men secured;
For service these, to boatmen's life inured."

"Now Britain's guardian, that Scarlet Whore,
Determined to possess this vernal shore:
To thwart this expedition, that expel,
A hurried council called in deepest hell.
Soon swarmed the imps from Mauna Loa's throat,
As rise mosquitoes from some stagnant moat.
First base Suspicion, and that coward Fear,
Sought out the master, and besieged his ear,
Confused his intellect, his reason stole,
His brain inflamed, and gained complete control.
Envenomed thus, he saw, or claimed to see,
Each word a treason, act a mutiny.
Regarded passengers his truceless foes,
His crew but slaves, and hence would all oppose.
Those now resolved, lest war they might provoke ,
To shun occasion, hence in Gaelic spoke;

CHAMPOEG

But faintest whispers in a foreign tongue
Outraged his dignity, his honor stung.
He breathed a sulphurous fume, armed for the fray,
And from those islands sailed without delay."

"The imps infernal, strove now more and more,
The Tonquin to prevent from reaching shore."

"When Neptune off this land his waters drew,
And old Valmalo fought and overthrew,
And chained him in a dark, Chipewyan cave,
Few straggling imps escaped, hid 'neath the wave,
Near Tillamook, and Flattery, and there
For luckless mortals spread their fatal snare.
These to enlist against the threatened crew,
The scarlet wench unto their dungeons flew;
Their powers uniting, raised a fearful storm;
Around the ship the imps audacious swarm.
The lurid fires of their infernal eyes,
Like lightning flashed athwart the stormy skies.
Two fiery serpents followed in her track,
And more the skies grew angry, wild, and black."

"A vanished summer back to summer fled,
And backward unto spring again it sped,
And now, behold, the very day and morn,
That gentle spring is in this north land born,
The green shawled hills in vernal splendor rise,
All crowned with snow, to greet their eager eyes.
And lordly Oregon in martial pride,
Rolls down his flood to battle with the tide;
While roar of battle echoes from afar,
The awful duel rages on the bar."

AND OTHER POEMS.

“The master, splenetic, the conflict viewed,
The imps infernal now their siege renewed;
As he with glass the foaming breakers searched,
The while grim Vengeance on his shoulder perched,
And in his soul the rankest poison poured,
That flamed the venom there too plenty stored:
‘To punish them is thine, stretch forth thy hand;
If ever they in safety reach the land,
The smothered embers into flames will burst,
And into war the anger they have nursed.
Thou and thy ship shall never put to sea,
But thee instead they’ll hang upon some tree.’
Thus in the master’s ear grim Vengeance hissed;
Such moment opportune could he resist?”

“Wild was the coast, and wilder yet the sea;
The storm clouds sped as lambs from lions flee.
With unskilled help Thorn ordered Fox, the mate,
To sound the channel, Vengeance urged and Hate;
But Fright and Terror marked Fox for their own
They stung his heart until with sigh and groan
He sought the master, and in tears he plead
For skillful mariners. ‘Take thou instead
Three agile voyageurs to ply the oar,
You sound the channel, and the route explore.’
Thus spoke the master; thus the mate replied:
‘No boat can live, much less those breakers ride.’
He claimed to hear his luckless uncle’s ghost,
Who years before upon this bar was lost.
With muttered curses, and with bated breath,
He launched his boat and steered to certain death.
The angry waters lashed that fragile shell,

CHAMPOEG

When on the crest—when in the trough it fell;
On, on she sped the storm-swept waters o'er,
A tiny speck, but never reached the shore;
While those behind beheld Death's grewsome form
In bold relief, ride on the clouds of storm.
Then daylight fled away, and old Night came,
Along the coastline ran a fiery flame:
High in the air the fiery snakes would leap,
Fall on the shore, back to the sea to creep.
The sea birds shrieked, the storm still wilder grew,
In flames the war raged on the bar anew;
While from the ship they saw what seemed to be
A myriad demons dancing on the sea."

"Now Fear and Sorrow first their hearts engage;
While fast their anger kindled into rage.
They did an awful punishment essay,
And swore the fiend the penalty should pay:
They'd bind the demon in a fragile boat,
Cast on the waves to sink, or if to float,
Before his brutal heart to beat had ceased,
The hungry wolves would on the carcass feast.
Full well the sordid fiend their thoughts divined,
Fled to his cabin, there himself confined
All that wild night, and the succeeding day;
But when another night had passed away,
Came like a lion forth to meet them all,
When over them a stupor seemed to fall.
The bellicose so late on vengeance bent,
Their wrath forgot, and threatened punishment;
While like a wolf in an unguarded fold,
As savage and severe, and not less bold,

AND OTHER POEMS.

The angry master strode and thus in flew,
To Aiken, mariner: 'Kanakas two
With Weeks the armorer, sailmaker Cole
Take, those, the oars, he will the boat control.
You sound the channel. Slowly from afar
The ship will follow in, and cross the bar.'
He ceased, and with docility of slaves,
They launched the pinnace on the troubled waves.
The winds assailed, and smote the helpless craft,
Without a rudder, 'round it demons laughed.
Both wave and flood their puny arms despise,
Their efforts vain, and vain their piteous cries,
That night their boat the demons overthrew,
And Coles and Akins down old Schwere drew.
(In those dark precincts of nadiric hell,
A mighty giant doth in silence dwell.
He plucks the leaves of all the forest trees,
Hurls mighty ships into the angry seas.
All earth explores, the sea, the boundless air,
Unheard, unseen, his tentacles are there;
They to the moon, yea, to the planets reach,
He's Schwere called in uncouth German speech.)
Weeks and the islandmen that livelong night
Against that monster waged heroic fight:
They fought, they rose, and then in turn they fell,
Like spirits writhing in the flames of hell."

"Osmerus grieved to see those fiends invade
His fair domain, thus unto Neptune prayed:—
'Haste, father, haste, those imps infernal bind;
Haste, still the waves, and gyve the boistrous wind.
A race divine is dying at my door,

A mighty ship is foundering off the shore.'
'Nay, nay, my son, for those you need not pray,
They're Freedom's sons, and they will win their way
However great the odds. Stretch forth thy hand,
And help the struggling reach the envied land.
The mortal race 'tis yours e'er to defend;
Not yours to fight, nor with those imps contend.
I've granted them a haunt beneath the brine,
As Judean imps, that luckless herd of swine,
Messiah.' Neptune ceased, and at his word
Osmerus called a monarch of his herd,
And bade him urge across the flaming swell,
Unto the luckless men the upturned shell.
'Desist,' said Neptune, 'Freedom's sons would spurn
Your proffered favors, for they choose to earn
The prize they seek; 'tis theirs this shore to bless,
To win through hardships, and at last possess.
They now must fail, yet Freedom's light shall raise,
And o'er this watery waste its gleam shall blaze;
Till for Owyhe, in the realm of brine,
Upon their flag another star should shine,
And distant isles where sits the tyrant throned,
Where luckless slaves beneath his lashes groaned,
Until each breeze that fans this holy shore,
Spice laden though, a wail of anguish bore.
It will be said, 'Here Freedom's beacon shone
From pole to pole, resplendent and alone.'
Here shall Astoria rise, queen of the sea,
A mighty city—first born of the free.
Far to the south, a golden star shall rise,
The earth to light, illumine the sea and skies.
From every clime, men waking from their dreams,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Shall rush to bless, and bask within its beams.
That star upon Tusoa's flag shall shine
A priceless treasure, for a gift divine."

"Then old Frigidus from his mountain glen
Hurled floes of ice against the struggling men.
A thousand imps upon each icy float.
Against them steered, or sought to steer their boat."

"They seized the shell, and found a broken oar,
With the flood tide essayed to reach the shore.
Fatigued and chilled, at midnight unto death,
One islandman in sleep resigned his breath,
The other fell upon his brother's face,
And all that night released not his embrace."

"Across the bar the Tonquin made her way,
Helped by the tide, and safe within a bay,
Her anchor dropped. Ten men were sent on shore,
To seek their shipmates, and the land explore.
They found the armorer, and from him learned
Fate of his comrades, and at night returned.
Their force to weaken, and their plans to mar,
Eight faithful souls had perished on the bar."

"Some left the ship and cruised along the shore,
A place to find to build their fort and store,
With vain results; the stubborn master still
Objections interposed to thwart their will.
McDougal, then, while rancor boiled his blood,
With David Stuart crossed the racing flood,
Unto a point which both men seemed to please,

CHAMPOEG

A bold commanding cape, all crowned with trees.
They sound the harbor, and the cape explore,
Recross the river. On the northern shore,
By Cupid led, they land some miles above;
One victory for commerce, one for Love.
There lived Comcomly, monarch of the west;
And two fair daughters the great chieftain blest:
Wallula, princess, heiress in the line,
Waskema, seeress, more than half divine.
An arrow from his quiver Cupid drew,
Aimed at McDougal's heart, and pierced it through;
Wallula's glance fixed poison to the dart,
And more inflamed the wound within his heart."

"Comcomly welcomed them unto his shore,
An everlasting friendship, too, he swore.
With his state fleet them to their ship convoyed,
And regal feast with them on board enjoyed."

"A mighty nation of Mongolian breed,
Both clumsy nether limbed, and out bow-kneed.
In four divided, yet related close,
Their oblique eyes provoke the name Chinos,
From Spanish visitors—the monarch's race.
Such were their friends, and such their chosen place."

"They freight the launch, which o'er the water flies,
With sixteen men, and their required supplies.
Some fell the trees, while some the thickets clear,
And others round a high enclosure rear
Of round logs built; the fort and store now rise;
Their shop, their dwellings of commodious size;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Some raise the walls, which soon the roof sustain,
That most they need to shelter from the rain.
To sow their garden seeds, some till the soil,
And some engage in culinary toil.
While thus engaged, the ship her anchors weigh,
With spreading canvas sails into their bay,
With musket volleys, and three rousing cheers,
They greet the ship as round the cape she steers,
And ere their echo in the distance dies,
The ship with cannon and with cheers replies."

"With joy enlivened now, their journey o'er,
They hurry bales and boxes to the shore.
Nor last, nor least, their new dismembered boat,
To trade in neighboring marts, the Tonquin parts remote."

"Thus rose Astoria, first born of the free,
Fair Freedom's lonely beacon by the sea.
O'er land and sea its holy glimmer shone,
From pole to pole resplendent and alone."

"Ere summer came, though fled had flowery May,
The Tonquin sailed for northern parts away.
Four days she lingered at the stormy bar,
The black clouds raced and bellowed from afar;
The fifth morn came, the vernal fragrant breath
Filled all her sails—she sailed to horrid death.
Then David Stuart, with eight men sailed away,
To found new posts, and distant streams survey;
But ere he starts, one morning in July,
One Thompson came, astronomer, and spy.

CHAMPOEG

He'd coursed the rivers, mountains crossed, and plain,
And to McDougal claimed a kindred vein.
In converse close kept this perfidious twain;
Black were their hearts, of equal dye the stain.
(Both emissaries of the Scarlet Whore.)
Through them she now resolves to win this shore.
That hell-born spirit from perdition rose,
With God, and men, and angels for her foes.
Yet Patmos John wrote with inspired pen,
That she should traffic in the souls of men.
The same old dragon red that Austin bound,
And Norman William gave that deadly wound."

"With Stuart's party, Thompson sailed away,
Some other act in traitors role to play.
With food and clothing from the common store;
He private papers from McDougal bore.
For days they all as one flotilla sailed,
The win caressed, the summer groves exhaled
A spicy fragrance, while a mellow dream
Enchant the boatmen as they speed up stream."

"To free himself from his unwelcome guest,
Stuart resolved to stop awhile to rest,
Survey the landscape, smaller streams explore;
But Thompson sailed, and he was seen no more.
Though seen no more, he poison left behind;
The deadly venom wafted every wind.
His crimson rag each bluff and headland crowned,
Where rivers meet and blend their tides it frowned.
The native peoples next his flags displayed,
Their sullen conduct most his work betrayed.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Each native chieftain showed some treasured prize;
McDougal's clothes, from Thompson's late supplies."

"The scarlet pirate next McDougal sought,
This crowning act in his base treason taught:
'One thing thou lackest yet, most noble son,
To grace the perfidy so well begun,
To place this diadem within my crown,
And bring the fagot-bundle's rainbow down.
Alliance with the monarch chieftain form,
Secure his friendship, that his braves may swarm
Unto my aid these twenty years unsped,
Gone twenty are; Eidolon forty read.
In twenty years beneath my watchful eye,
With natives friends, you may the world defy.
Go claim the princess. Ere the year be run,
The foe will flee; a bloodless victory won.'
Medieval romance, nor primeval sage,
Tomes Oriental, nor coeval page,
Such studied perfidy, such tool betrays,
Such hell-born insolence, nor greed displays."

"At once McDougal with his heart inflamed,
The princess courted, and the treasure claimed.
With great eclat observed the bridal day;
The royal father gave the bride away.
In savage splendor spread the wedding feast.
A hundred slaves from bondage were released.
The chief to all promiscuous presents gave,
And honored titles to the great and brave;
While feats of strength in gorgeous naval race,
And swimming contests, did the waters grace."

CHAMPOEG

“At length festivities came to an end;
To her new home the happy bride to send,
Their pleasure next. As 'tis a royal task,
Imperial convoy, with one voice they ask.
His royal guests, both local and remote,
The river graced each in his regal boat.
To strains of music did the royal bride,
In regal splendor, o'er the waters glide.
A hundred princes, to the blessing born,
Melodious choristers the boats adorn.
The crews at oars to their harmonious song,
Bend to the blades, and urge their boats along.
With joy they welcome her, with songs, and cheers,
And voice of cannon as the fleet appears.
A sumptuous feast with lavish hand was spread,
The father-monarch graced the table head.
Joy reigned supreme; and now the banquet o'er,
The son and father lasting friendship swore.
With princely gifts, the royal suite dismissed,
To seal the friendship as it doth exist.
Thus all were happy, and their hearts were glad,
Save poor Waskema, she alone was sad.
She did refuse the purple wine that cheers,
And down her cheeks there coursed a flood of tears,
'Desist, my child, chant you some happy song,
Why so morose? Go join the merry throng.'
The father thus. 'Twas hers to see the scroll:
Her people's woes before her vision roll.
'O, luckless father,' then Waskema cried,
'What great Waconda shows I cannot hide:
A great black hawk from out the ocean flew,
Which did a flock of quails to death pursue,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Before his glance some withered in his face,
While others struggled—died in his embrace.”

“By courier winds up highways of the dawn,
The car of day was in gold livery drawn.
The stars had faded from the brow of Night,
And o’er the earth, Sol poured a flood of light.
Gassacop, prince, Comcomly’s son and pride,
Saw ship of war across the breakers ride,
Her frowning guns, her scarlet flag displayed,
Too well her mission and her aim betrayed.
McTavish first had from the fort descried
The unknown visitor, while yet outside.
With richest furs he vessels loads in haste,
And speeds up stream as oft a boatman raced.
This saw the natives all, and unexplained,
Excitement in the monarch’s city reigned.”

“Waskema cried with wild hysteric scream;
‘Look, father, see the black hawk of my dream.
Mongolia’s race must vanish from this shore,
And save in story, will be known no more.
Thy grave shall be denied memorial stone,
And in twice forty years shall be unknown.
Some few, forsooth, shall linger lone and long;
For stories subjects be, and themes for song.
While pleasure seekers scan each wrinkled face,
And say, of pity void, ‘O luckless race.’
O, father, see against yon weeping skies,
The rainbow sink, the scarlet ensign rise,
Upon this spot she’s breathed infernal breath,
She’s touched the land, now follow Blight and Death.’”

CHAMPOEG

“Concomely, quick, astute, sagacious chief,
His army called, rushed to his son’s relief.
‘Son, take my men, repel that arrant foe,
Tear down that crimson rag; to overthrow
That pirate crew were but a boyish task.’
‘Stay, father, stay, too much methinks you ask,
These are the lion’s sons, none doubt his sway,
A mighty beast, which fearing all obey.
My kinsmen, these; they shall thy people teach.
We are as one—as one in race and speech.’
Thus spake McDougal. Thus again the chief,
Though hoarse his voice, with anger, shame and grief:—
‘I do, indeed, behold a lion’s hide,
But doubly doubt that lion dwells inside.
Beneath that hide protrudes a bitch’s paw,
Unmask that fraud. Has my white son turned squaw?
Ah, woe is me! Shame! Hast thou traitor turned?
I gave thee all, and now my gift is spurned.
Thou base poltroon, thou caitiff, pallid faced.
I am betrayed, and all that’s mine disgraced.’
Then spoke Waskema thus, the chieftain’s child,
A voice divine unto these people wild:
‘O, father, falter not, strike thou the blow,
And free our country from this pirate foe.
As angels spoke to sages in the east,
Queen of the south, and even Baalam’s beast,
So now, forsooth, in these recesses wild,
The father speaks to his untutored child,
Gone is the rainbow, gone is all our hope.
You chose the darkness, now in darkness grope.
I see in years a ransomed northern slave,
Choose that his shroud, and sink into his grave,

AND OTHER POEMS.

In ecstasy, wrapped in its folds divine
Gone is the rainbow, gone from thee and thine.
In yon canoes sleeps a forgotten race.
So shalt thine sleep, but burdened with disgrace.
'Child,' quoth the Spirit, 'come, this little learn,
That heaven-born rainbow shall indeed return,
And o'er this land in radiant splendor shine,
But not for thee, weep not, sad heart, nor thine.
They've chosen darkness, darkness be their share;
But lest their load's too great for them to bear,
I've in the forest reared a saintly son,
And unto you will send my holy John.
Obey thou him, his words of wisdom hear,
His rule shall justice be, his laws severe;
And he shall judge oppressors and oppressed;
Those shall his lashes feel, these call him blessed.
Yet 'tis not his to grant the life nor power,
His but to soothe thee in thy dying hour.'"

"Soon as the traitor struck the starry flag,
The scarlet wench unfurled her crimson rag,
And Freedom's beacon that for years had shone,
From pole to pole resplendent and alone,
Shone now no more; but old Concomly's rage,
Not cooler grew in his advancing age.
His regal sway too soon he saw defied,
His people spurned, and all their rights denied,
Their shrines o'erthrown, their holy isle profaned,
Their fathers' graves not undisturbed remained.
In sacred bowers roved the lowing kine,
In holy precincts slept the filthy swine."

CHAMPOEG

"As when a sea fog shawls this vernal coast,
Him blinds and chills whom it embraces most,
So Britain's touch, her glance, her fetid breath
Get chains and slavery, disease and death.
She now o'er these threw her pernicious charms,
That enervated both their minds and arms.
Fine martial men, now thought of war no more,
As slaves the water drew, and burdens bore."

"Waskema, witch, a gaunt, and withered crone,
Canema's wife (his arrow heads of stone,
Examples fairest of exquisite art,
With gems and jewels take no vulgar part.)
Why call her witch? Hers was no spirit dark,
But like Deborah's, like Joan's of Arc.
Alone did she her country's cause espouse;
In vain she strove her countrymen to rouse.
To every tribe that dwelt beside the flood,
She flew, she begged, she prayed for foreign blood.
And thus did she her noble task to bless,
Unto the Father's throne this prayer address:—
'O, light divine, this gift I pray bestow,
To love my country more, more hate her foe.
Grant me the voice, to sound a loud alarm,
To strike, Oh, nerve, a frenzied woman's rm!
O, help my people count the awful cost,
Their temples broken, and their country lost.
These broken shrines, these desecrated graves,
And if to live, to live the life of slaves.'"

"Three days and nights she roamed the forest shade,
Her haggard face her rigid fast betrayed,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Her heaving breast bespoke some cruel pang,
When she did thus her countrymen harnigue:—
'As mighty rivers swallows up the brine,
As quenchless flames consume the giant pine,
As silent frost the tender vines destroys,
As mighty souls the sprite of wine decoys,
So Britain's arm, her gold, her hellish smile
Kill, buy, or crush, steal, trap, ensnare or spoil.
Base pirates' progeny! Thou shalt not serve.
Since heaven declines your puny arms to nerve
To strike, to slay, to make the demon fly,
Thou shalt not serve, but die, you cowards, die!
'Tis mine,' she shrieked, 'to open deepest hell,
Unchain the sprites that in Cocytus dwell,
Hell's foulest sewer, whence Britain's guardian sprung,
Called Scarlet Whore in quaint prophetic tongue.
Her thou wouldst serve? nor wishest to be free?
Roods thou hast asked, leagues shalt thy portion be.'
If e'er a mother's heart for vengeance yearned,
As unto her lost home her back she turned,
When like a flower in a killing frost,
She sees the labors of a lifetime lost,
So in Waskema's soul raged fiercest flame,
For o'er her loss still hung her country's shame.
Once more she spoke, this in sepulchral tongue,
But on her words no eager listeners hung:
'Ye mighty mountains, and the fertile plain,
Resent the coward, and his blood disdain.
Ye somber forests from your cool retreat,
Accept no sound but of departing feet.
No coward's blood shall bathe the thirsty soil.
No coward's blood the crystal waters roil.'

CHAMPOEG

She once again the awful silence broke,
Their doom she sealed, the fatal word she spoke."

Back, at her word, the bolts obedient sprung,
The portal ope on groaning hinges swung.
Forth from their dungeons leaped the imps of death,
With sulphurous fumes combine their fetid breath;
From this fair land the sun withdrew its light,
And days and weeks, there reigned one lurid night.
In forest deep, and on the fertile plain,
In wild disorder lay the heaps of slain.
The famished vulture, and the gaunt wild beast,
Stole unmolested to the loathsome feast.
While mountain, forest, plain, and crystal flood
Remained unstained by drop of coward's blood."

BOOK VI.

EPITOME.

Callapoia relates how McLaughlin was placed in the wilderness to prepare the way. Brief account of him. Callapoia further tells how Whitman was selected to arouse his countrymen to rush to the rescue. His remarkable ride across the continent in midwinter to save Oregon. His lonely journey. His remarkable dream on Christmas night.

“His will to prove, his wisdom to display,
Jehovah placed two angels by the way:
The Great White Eagle, where the waters blend,
To store supplies, and Freedom’s sons befriend.
The sacred cause of Freedom to espouse,
His thoughtless countrymen to action rouse,
To thwart the pirate, and to break her sway,
To summon Freedom’s hosts, and lead the way,
He Whitman chose, and mid the noblest race
Of natives, bade him fix abiding place.
No classic architect with greater care,
Foundation reared some mighty weight to bear.”

“As when an epidemic taints the air,
If sacred things with foul I may compare,
A great presentiment seemed to haunt the breeze,
Like breath of sweet Chinos, that ’mong the trees

CHAMPOEG

Its way forgets, and kissing every bough,
Perfumes each leaf, so wordless voice spoke now
Of distant fields, of regions to be won
In that blessed land, where reigns the evening sun.
Men dreamed of Oregon, and dreaming woke,
Of Oregon unto their brothers spoke,
Then slept and dreamed again, woke ere the day
To think of Oregon, turned from his way
To speak unto his neighbor, or perchance,
Accost some stranger, who by simple glance
Betrayed his thoughts, that they to his were kin,
And to converse e'er eager to begin."

"Now forty years, the first Eidolon read,
On wings of time into the past had fled.
Through that long night the pirate's rule was rife,
Preached not God's word, nor broke the bread of life.
The forest child longed for that heavenly feast,
Turned not to them, but sought the distant east.
Those pirates at Vancouver built a fort,
In regal splendor held baronial court,
With tyrants' sway ruled this unhappy land,
And robbed the natives with despotic hand.
But great Jehovah to prepare the way,
McLaughlin called 'neath whose sagacious sway
Was garnered much, the products of the soil,
Wealth of the chase, the flood, and savage toil.
Thou August Ruler, whose mysterious hand
Didst lead and place in Egypt's classic land,
The purpose thine, meek Rachael's son first born,
And bade him near the throne to garner corn,
That overflowed the cribs for seven years,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Ere seven came of hunger, want and tears,
And touching his, his monarch's heart as well,
That he should to the needy give, not sell,
That all might eat, with thankful heart and face,
Thus from destruction saved the favored race.
So Thou didst lead from Accanada wild,
The blessed John, while he was yet a child,
And placed him in the wilderness apart,
And whispered duty to his faithful heart;
And step by step till ruler of the land,
He reigned supreme, and his correcting hand
Was feared and blessed; that by the lawless knave,
This by the honest swain who strove to save.
Help me the praises of this man to sing,
Like whom too few, alas, amongst us spring.
He garnered, too, the products of the soil,
Fruits of the flood, the chase, of savage toil.
He tamed the savage, oft the last applied
When merited, assistance ne'er denied,
Nor until asked deferred, none sued in vain;
On all his blessings fell like timely rain.
Sage of the wilderness, of memory dear,
And sincere hearts spoke oft through grateful tears
Their thankfulness, when faint for want of food,
Half clad the fathers of a nation stood;
For noblest sons of the most worthy race,
Oft sued for bread, and plead before his face
For raiment, them and theirs from cold to shield,
And seed to plant the newly furrowed field.
Teams too, and implements to plow the land,
He freely gave, and naught withheld his hand."

CHAMPOEG

"His conduct once a snob presumed to chide,
The saintly sage in accents bold replied,
Erect his form, and silvery white his head,
'Sir, starving people must be fed,' he said.
O blessed words! Did he who spoke discern
The mighty ships on these great waters turn,
And freighted speed to every zone and clime,
To feed the hungry there? indeed sublime,
Such avocation e'er; our Savior said,
'Receive reward, thou hast the hungry fed.'
'The starving must be fed,' oh bless the day
Those words angelic fell; seek many may
Here mental food as well; this hail ere long,
Land of religion, science, and of song."

"Sleep, holy John, beside Wallamet's wave
Below the raging torrent, fittest grave.
Unsoiled thy soul soared upward to the skies
As fragrance sweet from off the flowers rise.
Wear roses thou, for they for thee have blown,
For me but thorns, the sharpest thorns have grown;
Yet like the shell that ever sings of sea,
Its home, sweet home, sing ever I of thee."

"One rainy night, came in the early fall,
Nathaniel Wyeth, the same who built Fort Hall,
This free born son came to dispute their claim;
For ship he waited—ship that never came.
He hurried home, dispatched that self same year
Another boat, while he did reappear
With Lee and Shephard, who with souls aflame,
To teach the natives in the Master's name,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Had heard and come when that poor Indian prayer,
For succor pleading, echoed on the air."

"For twenty years after Astoria fell,
Tusoa's children came not here to dwell,
Their all they lost through war's infernal game,
The British pirate lighted up the flame,
That every effort mocked. When all seemed lost,
When wisest counselors who counted cost
Advised abandonment, then rose the brave,
'No foreign foe shall rule this western wave'
Thus swore the hero, mother, wife, and maid,
These stood with him, and ever proffered aid."

"Oh woman of the West! say dost thou know
How much to thee for this bright land we owe?
Then why, oh shame! so long thy praise unsung?
From out thy ranks no Arnold ever sprung;
No duty shirked, but ever in the van,
In darkest hours stood side by side with man;
Not merely stood, but counseled, cheered, and plead,
The way essayed, and oft unerring led,
When Freedom's altar reeked with patriot's blood,
Thine, thine sweet sister, swelled the sacred flood.
Can that cause fail for which such heroes bleed,
Such wives and sisters struggle, and such mothers
plead?

Search far and near through all this mortal race,
Find perfect visage, form and queenly grace,
With eyes as midnight dark, or full as blue
As June s' rich sky, the summer clouds seen through;
As pure and white as grand Multnomah's crest,

CHAMPOEG

Must be her faultless brow, her throat, her breast;
Then Heaven invade, hence innocence purloin,
With all that's good and pure, that trait subjoin;
Then name bestow—oh give that task to me,
For sweet Tuscan woman thou art she.”

“The frontier lad learned early to descry
The scent of danger in the tear dimmed eye,
Each smothered sob, each whisper in his ear
Enkindled courage, while it deadened fear.
The darting glance, the sigh but half expressed
Inflamed defiance in his tiny breast;
A kindling stick he'd snatch from off the floor,
And take his station just outside the door,
The hero's place, his faithful dog attends,
Most faithful he of all lost Eden friends,
And shouts, 'Mamma, don't fear, just look and see,
They're 'fraid; they dare not come gainst Tige and me.'
Go chain Snoqualmie, forbid his awful leap,
His roarings hush that now like thunder sweep
Through forests measureless; his flood recall,
Go, rob Tacoma of his spotless shawl;
Then fetter those who early feel the weight
Of freemen's honor, altar, home, and state.”

“The tiny babe would from his sleep awake,
Rise in his cradle, and his fistlet shake,
And scream defiance to those British foes,
Who sought to steal his home. Those threatened blows
Must soon on British fall from manhood's arm,
Grandsires now are they, and each alarm
But finds them ever ready, them and all

AND OTHER POEMS.

By them begot. That black-souled foe must fall,
And with their help, each longs to give a hand,
To roll that fetid fog bank off this land."

"When Marcus Whitman heard that plaintive cry,
He to their rescue rushed, nor passed them by;
But in their midst, with her he loved most dear,
He took his station on the wild frontier.
He preached God's holy word. Their wounds he healed.
He taught them industry. The arts revealed.
He turned the sod, with shovel, spade, and plow.
He trained the vines, and told, and taught them how.
He watched the pirate, studied well the signs,
He pierced her mask, and read her base designs.
Born to the blessing of a spirit free,
Blest with acumen of a high degree,
At once essayed to thwart her hell-born schemes,
O'erthrow her power, dissipate her dreams,
And from the pirate's grasp this jewel wrench.
To deck Tusoa, strip the lecherous wench."

"The harlot flew to fell Cocytus bank;
From her gold cup her wines infernal drank;
And thus to Vengeance, in the heat of pride,
When Weeks, the armorer, my wrath defied,
And braved the terrors of that stormy night,
Against my minions waged heroic fight;
Thou didst allure him to that northern isle,
Approached him first with thy delusive smile,
Then turned against him that mad savage host,
That slew Thorn, and McKay, and him I boast."

CHAMPOEG

"Another man my regal sway defies
Do even so." And Vengeance thus replies:
"Thy will is law, most noble queen of hell,
In pride and scorn now let thy bosom swell.
Thy garments bear the taint of lurid flame,
In fond remembrance of the whence you came.
Be power and wealth by perfidy increased,
Till all the world shall wonder at the beast."

"Deceit and Treachery I have employed,
And Lewis by his servant's hands destroyed.
When Treachery slew, to smirch the hero's fame,
Deceit sneered "Suicide"; and long his name
'Neath clouds remained; nor yet the truth revealed;
But well the while, thy part has been concealed.
LaBreton, too, by drunken Indian's knife,
On Valla Muta's bank, deprived of life.
This new found foe his Indian friends shall slay,
All his expugn, and terminate his sway."

"Now summer died in mellow autumn's arms;
October robed the hills in leafy charms:
Pink, scarlet, russet, gold, each vies with green,
And lends a richer beauty to the scene.
Bleak winter soon will drop his mantel white,
To hide in death those autumn scenes so bright,
'Tis not the winter, nor his sway severe,
Alarms the heroes on this lone frontier;
Another foe is striving day by day
To fetter them, and steal their homes away.
What can be done? the band is brave but few,
And each a hero, tried and proven true;

AND OTHER POEMS.

But one must go. Who will the storm defy,
And spread th' alarm, the foe is lurking nigh?
The sainted leader calmly made reply:
"I. with god's help, will winter storms defy,
And urge my countrymen from sleep arise,
Beat back the foe, and wrench from her the prize,
Our fathers twice her martial worth espied,
A mangy bitch within a lion's hide,
Fit effigy, but seen to be despised,
And twice, as best befits, that bitch chastized.
Oh, I will wake my brothers from their sleep,
What won our fathers, we must surely keep,
For less is cowardice; unworthy son,
Who would surrender what his father won,
Blot out his name, or speak it but in scorn,
Like Judas, better were he never born."

"Brave Whitman mounted then his trusty steed,
Toward the morning turned, to intercede
With him who ruled, and with the scribe to plead,
Who sat the rulers shadow; time and speed
Must bear him; mountains rugged, wild and high,
Whose frowning crests seem e'er to kiss the sky,
His road disputes; yet ever on he speeds,
Ice binds the streams, he falters not nor heeds
The storm king's trumpet that announces snow.
Dark frowning clouds, and all the earth below
In heavy shadows grieve; the giant pines
In trouble moan and sigh, the sun ne'er shines,
And now the clouds weep tears of tintless white,
And reigns supreme, one dismal winter-night.
Beside the hearths in distant cabin homes

CHAMPOEG

Rise prayers for him, as he so lonely roams
Through snow robed forests, over fields of snow,
From heaven's quarries paved, proceeds he slow.
Drenched by the mountain rains, his clothes are wet;
On through the snow, by hungry wolves beset,
And wily redmen, through the storm discerned.
The winter rider, nor his mission learned.
On, on he rides, for months, and weeks, and days,
More earnestly at home each freeman prays:
"Ride, Whitman, ride, and beg the sleepers 'rouse,
Plead, brother, plead the cause that you espouse."

"Rich autumn leaped in winter's arm to die,
Still rode the rider; only God was nigh.
Though prayed he oft, yet on the Natal Day,
In solitude and snow, thus did he pray:
'Oh silent Monitor, caged in the heart,
Thou echo of God's holy law, impart,
Divine ambassador, unto my soul
His ever righteous will, each act control;
In wisdom's way and virtue's let me stand,
Nor fall, but guide me e'er thou Unseen Hand.
Almighty Father, teach thou ever me,
To serve my country best by serving Thee."

"The Natal night passed in a deep ravine,
Within a leafless forest, wedged between
Two snow shawled hills; the howling wolf was near
The hooting owl to join; night, cold and clear,
Upon the earth her ebon mantle spread.
A prostrate tree beneath he made his bed,
And faint and weary, by the ice locked stream,

AND OTHER POEMS

He laid him down to rest, to sleep, and dream."

Presentient dreams, forsooth, disturbed his sleep,
And 'graved each picture in his memory deep:
He meets in time the loyal mouthed scribe,
The rulers shade, notes how the British bribe
His loyalty has strained. in vain he pleads;
The purchased scribe is insolent, nor heeds
The loyal messenger. "Too late, too late,
Your Oregon is sold," the scribe of state
Replies, then from him turns, declines his aid;
Too well he shows that British gold has paid
His vain endeavor. Sees the ruler next;
For hours there with questions most complex,
Detains the ruler; distance he would know,
The mountains' height, the valleys' size, and so
Of roads, of rivers, and their worth and cost,
And all minutia of the nearly lost.
The loyal messenger pleads not in vain,
The ruler listens, he would have explain
The wealth of flood, the treasures of the chase,
The products of the soil, and sought to trace
The road through mountain pass, o'er barren sand
The distance measures, pencil e'er in hand.
What Gray declared, what Clark and Lewis said,
He reads, repeats: "Could ever there be led
A wagon train? Could such a thing be done?
That do; and to the sea where dies the sun,
Shall stretch the plane of empire". "I," replied
The messenger, "this year again shall ride
The journey over, and ere the winter's rain,
Shall thither lead a monster wagon train."

CHAMPOEG

"The spring in summer blent, dreams count not time,
Beside Missouri's stream, bound for that clime
So famed in song, and e'er the poet's dream,
The land and clime ideal, adventure's theme;
Such must have Eden been, when fruit and corn,
And floral splendor reigned, ere thistle's thorn,
With sin and death, usurped the sacred spot;
Yet blighted least this shore, oh favored lot!
Mine own sweet home is thine! God's loyal band
Assembled, by presentment drawn; the land
Is searched from thermal gulf unto the lake,
None but the best is wanted to partake
Of favor so divine, none else has part,
And those by voice that spoke direct to heart."

"The great procession moves toward the west,
By them to be redeemed, defended, blessed.
Across the desert sands the wagons glide,
On through the mountain gorges, true and tried,
To where the Oregon makes music sweet,
By his own dashings 'neath the green retreat
Of leaf-pavilioned beauty. Further hence,
Beyond his mission home, where ocean's fence
Alone their way defies; he foremost rides
The way to lead, than whom no better guide
E'er roamed the wild frontier, or sought to show
A road o'er trackless sand, or mountain snow."

"In dark review, before his vision passed
Of all the pictures, saddest this the last;
A gruesome picture sketched in Christian gore,
Before his vision seven demons bore,

AND OTHER POEMS.

With hideous laughter, jeers, and dismal groans,
Hell's lurid light illumined it alone:
His mission home upon that distant shore,
Yet waves the flag as ever watching o'er,
His wards the hearth surround in childish glee,
His faithful wife, his welcome guests, and he
Unconscious of impending ill, within;
Without, oh base ingratitude, begin,
The works of blood and death, in hell conceived,
The fiends, who bounty measureless received.
Oh monsters hideous! how oft you've shared
His table free, from pains and death been spared
Through him and his. Why now his ruin seek,
And life? What motive actuates? Oh speak,
Thou fiends, 'Tis Britain, who with hellish gold
The Hessians bought, whom barbarous Germans sold,
And brought them hence our countrymen to slay,
And Arnold bought his country to betray;
Nor hesitate, for here behold the man,
Whose timely coming spoiled the well laid plan
Of Webster, loyal mouthed, but blackest heart;
And hence indicted, Arnold's be his part.
Had he been true, and spurned with wise disdain,
False Britain now could never boast domain,
From us purloined, upon the vernal shore,
That stays Pacific's billows. Praise no more
This son, disloyal, vain. There, there behold
Sweet Freedom's heritage, so basely sold,
Speak, traitor, speak, if thou has aught to say,
Why thou hast thrown this priceless gem away.
Thou knewest freedom's sons by ballot spoke,
That never should the cruel British yoke

CHAMPOEG

This shore disgrace, which to maintain,
The saber threatened to unsheath again."

"As leaps the avalanche from mountains high,
As bursts the cyclone from a cloudless sky,
As breaks the tidal wave upon the shore,
So rush those demons all athirst for gore,
Unheralded and sudden. Naught but blood
Can satisfy hell's instigated flood.
The cruel tomahawk does well its work,
The doubly sharpened steel, nor duty shirk
The leaden missile, which unerring aim
Too well directs, its fated victims claim.
The savage war-whoops mingle in the air,
With dying groans, and faith's last uttered prayer.
Oh savage butchery, the curse on Britain's head,
For vengeance cries blood of our holy dead,
To heaven from the earth; the midnight air
Wafts heavenward the captive's lonely prayer.
Those helpless wards shall yet a power grow,
To crush false Britain's head, the blackest foe
That Freedom e'er encountered. Next the sun
Shines splendor shorn upon the butchery done.
Oh massacre most foul! is no one near,
To give them sepulture? Does none appear?
Two black-robed priests of ancient Latin creed,
Their graves prepare with care, concern, and speed,
And o'er them spread the blood besprinkled sod,
To Freedom consecrated, and to God."

"He starts convulsively, his frenzied eyes,
For hope and comfort ever search the skies,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Faith gently draws aside the starlit blue,
A heavenly scene discloses to his view;
Around the throne are met the victims now,
Each with a martyr's crown upon his brow.
As drooping flowers on the sultry plain,
Revive and blush at the first kiss of rain,
So his sad heart leaped with supreme delight,
The slain to see bathed in celestial white."

"Again his eyes upon the picture fell,
The field of carnage, ruins black where hell
By heinous votaries had triumphed; then
Far in the distance, vile and thankless men
Who reaped the harvest he had early sown,
His deeds revile, his efforts all disown.
The flying roll Zacariah saw invade
Each quiet home, each office, mart of trade,
The clamor joins, and from its castle grand,
Spreads tales emasculate throughout the land:
His motives mercenary all, his fame
Purlioned, achievements valueless, his name
By faint praise smirched. More honorable the blow,
Than Judas' kiss, when struck by worthy foe.
The softest color in the spectrum's rays,
The royal purple, is the tint that slays."

"The gaunt wolf's howl, the famished panther's
scream,
In dismal chorus echo down the stream.
As rosy morn sends forth her golden beam,
He wakens from his wild prophetic dream,
Which haunts him e'er, steals 'twixt his God and him,

CHAMPOEG

So vividly terrific, clear and grim.
He rises ere the sun, makes no delay,
But morningward pursues his lonely way."

AND OTHER POEMS.

BOOK VII.

EPITOME.

Joint occupation related by Callapoia. The bigotry of New England, with a scrap of her history. Benton, and his stand for Oregon. Verbal duel with the Puritan and prediction of the future greatness of this shore. The Iron Horse, the harnessing of electricity. Opposition of one member from the South. Silenced by Benton. He praises the natural beauties of Oregon.

“Long raged the war, and when at last ’twas o’er
The British foe possessed this vernal shore;
But Freedom’s sons would ne’er their rights forego,
And ever strove to oust the treacherous foe.
An armed neutrality for season reigned,
But day by day, worse were relations strained,
And open rupture seemed on every hand
Again to drench with blood this favored land.
The ruler oft the heroes sought to plead
Their sacred cause, as oft refused to heed
Their earnest prayers he. New England ruled;
In bigotry begotten, born and schooled.
In selfishness, intolerance, and pride,
She throve and grew; to others all denied
The right to be. E’en when her sons oppressed
New shelters sought, to southern homes addressed
Their tale of woe, found sympathy; at length,
Their ranks recruited, strove to try their strength
Against their benefactors, nor in vain;

CHAMPOEG

They triumphed, and their benefactors slain,
Reigned anarchy. Ingratitude so base
Should in a freeman's heart ne'er find a place."

"At length Missouri sent her favored son
To plead her cause and sit in Washington.
Hail Benton, blessed ever be thy name,
The sound thereof ignites anew the flame
Of patriotic honor in each heart
Of western man; and truly well his part
Essayed to do. The Puritan his foe,
From first to last; he strove to overthrow
Each cause that he espoused. At last a friend
With whom to plead, and who his ears would lend,
They plead with Benton. Instantly a light
The deep recesses of his soul ignites,
To lead him on to battle with the foe,
And taught, as well, how far and fast to go.
That not unlike, when lost in stormy night,
The mariner at sea, the beacon light."

"At last arrived the great auspicious day,
When in the national council 'gan the fray;
The Puritan, e'er to his colors true,
What Benton did, strove ever to undo;
And ever hence, arrayed as deadly foes,
What Benton favored he would e'er oppose.
So when the papers all were drawn and served,
For his heroic task, him Benton nerved,
And in the council hall 'mong men of state,
The surly pessimists, both small and great:
Amongst them all he firmly took his stand,

AND OTHER POEMS.

The hero champion of this distant land.
The Puritan opposed; the distance plead;
'Twas but an ignis fatuus thither led;
That all were visionists who thither sped;
That seas of blood they surely yet must shed;
That beneficial terms, if they refrain
From western agitation, he could gain;
That greatest object of a petty life
Was surface honors, stirring up of strife.
To whom thus Benton with his eyes aflame:
'Mute grow my tongue, and perish too my name,
If I should fail my brothers to defend,
Assailed though distant and their acts commend.
Of civil manhood art thou so bereft?
Hast thou no flame of patriotism left?
Surrender thus, wouldst thou, unfought the field,
And to the foe the prize unfought for yield?
Poltron, avaunt, nor robes of Freedom stain;
Shall Clark and Lewis' labor there prove vain,
And Britain sit beside the twilight sea,
A trustless foe, a menace to the free?
Not greed for gold, nor hellish thirst for gore,
First led our brothers to that sunset shore;
But firm resolve, brave soldiers of the free,
To plant our banner by that distant sea;
Which planted once, such acts must all commend,
They pledged their lives, their honor to defend."

"Oh poppy smothered countrymen, arise,
Awake, hear from the west those earnest cries;
Not cries of slaves who cringe beneath the rod,
But freemen's, who that weary distance trod

CHAMPOEG

And set our flag where fifty years before,
Gray dropped our golden anchor on that shore.
Our Gray first rode upon his crystal breast,
And claimed for us that river of the west;
A mighty river, on whose spacious tide
I see the fleets of every nation ride,
Thence, with the wealth of every clime and zone,
Hence cereal treasures in those valleys grown;
With primest fruits that e'er the earth produce,
Of richest flavor and abundant juice.
A beacon on each frowning headland gleams,
A thousand wheels are splashing in those streams,
Smoke wreathes, as storm clouds black, rise from the
forge,
Steam whistles scream far up each mountain gorge,
The mill and furnace quiver, throb, and groan,
As forth the treasures roll from guardian stone,
And schools unequaled, where the light of truth
In gleams untarnished, 'lume the paths of youth;
While countless churches lift their turrets high
To lead the eyes and heart unto the sky.
Beyond is India, treasury of the race,
Whose robes of cashmere, velvet, silk and lace,
Our daughters shall adorn. Secure that prize,
Nor sleep while Britain steals before our eyes.
The Iron Horse on rails of purest steel,
Speeds to the west with burden all awheel,
Through canyons deep, where shadows ever lie,
O'er mead, and plain, and hill, and mountain high,
Behold him now in fields of ancient snow—
Spring, summer, autumn smiling far below;
Lost now to sight in mist that mountain shrouds,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Smoke of his wrath he's blending with the clouds.
Now, suddenly he from the mountain leaps
Across the canyon, craggy, wild and deep.
A moment now, it seems midair he swings,
As meteor across the heavens springs.
One moment more he's pierced the mountain side,
As mighty whale dives 'neath the surging tide;
Emerging next, enwreathed with smoke and steam,
He shrieks as only fallen angels scream.
Down, down he speeds, till lowest depth is gained,
He writhes and snorts like mystic dragon chained,
And iron threads, high swinging in the air,
Our distant kinsman's message safely bear;
And e'en his voice from yonder distant sea,
In accents recognized shall speak to thee;
While lightning chained shall bright effulgence shed,
And metal speak the voices of the dead.
Thus much and more must fill the unwrote page,
To usher in Tusoa's golden age,
This much I read as written in the skies,
For scenes prophetic dazzle now my eyes."

"As when a Kansas cyclone wrecks the land,
So found they each his favorite castle grand
Demolished quite, and hence the vanquished lot
Confused, chagrined and chained upon the spot,
Save one, to answer him none dare essay,
He from the south, in this uncivil way:
'If him I'd wish to chain on brink of hell,
My son I'd send to Oregon to dwell.
Pray cease thy praises of this favored land—
A worthless waste, one barren stretch of sand.

CHAMPOEG

Eternal clouds and fogs obscure the sky,
The wretched natives of starvation die.
Think not one moment that the hordes of Spain
Would shun that spot lest efforts all were vain."

"Then Benton in such caustic tones replied
That silence fell on the opposing side,
And each astonished sat: 'From Scriptures learned,
The spies that Moses sent with lies returned;
They first had gone and seen, while you, behold,
Ne'er stir from home, yet greater lies have told.
Will you our Gray and his reports defame?
Or dare to smirch those bold explorers' names?
Of ever heaven dwelt below the skies,
In Oregon, forsooth, that heaven lies.
The fragrance from her countless flowers rise,
Exhaustless incense, to the smiling skies.
The zephyrs strive to kiss ambrosial blooms,
And carries heavenward their rich perfumes.
There cloudlets gold and crimson greet the view,
Like lambkins gambling over fields of blue,
Her fertile soil produces hundred fold,
And ne'er at harvest time her gifts withhold."

"Wallamet see from off Multnoma's crest,
In vivid green and floral splendor dressed;
Behold that paradise, then seek no more,
No grander picture shows Tusoa's shore.
The Jordan valley and the Sharon plain
That pleased the Hebrew's eye, compete in vain;
Though sacred pages endless praise bestow,
Upon those vales where milk and honey flow;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Yet e'er anon, with dismal voice complain
Them robed in death, instead gaunt famine reigns,
The templed valley of the sand locked Nile,
Compared provokes commiseration's smile.
There reigns Multnoma on his purple throne,
In spotless majesty, his mantle thrown
In tintless beauty round his sacred form,
Where sunbeams smile and gambol with the storm.
From crimson plains and gold of cloudland smiles
Upon a vernal land for countless miles
In stainless beauty fully half a score
Of mountain monarchs guard that wondrous shore.
Man westward roams, 'tis ever thus since Cain
Fled eastward into Nod his brother slain."

CHAMPOEG

BOOK VIII.

EPITOME.

Callapoia relates the history of the affray at Champoeg on May 2, 1843. Matthieu's victory for Tusoa. Rejoicing in the victor's camp. Reception of our flag at the court of heaven. Surrender and departure of the pirate.

"Waskema's forty years save three had flown;
Tusoa's sons a rival power had grown,
That ever strove to haste the coming day,
The pirate to dethrone, curtail her sway,
And from this shore expel the noisome wench,
That in the air diffused that fetid stench
That pulpit opiates, press, bar and bench,
E'en though with blood again the land they drench.
LaBreton gained the secrets of the foes,
And did to Freedom's sons the facts disclose.
He planned campaign, learned tactics of the foe,
Their schemes frustrated, planned their overthrow."

"Jehovah sent a young and valiant knight,
With Freedom's sons, for Freedom's cause to fight.
As youthful David on the Judean plain
Assailed the giant, and his foeman slain,
Triumphant stood, a stranger quite unknown,
Amongst the great that old in war had grown,
So now a youthful knight in waiting lay
To fight the pirate and to break her sway.
This heaven born knight when little more than child

AND OTHER POEMS.

The scarlet pirate from his home exiled.
Nor once surmised 'twas his to strike the blow
To break her sway and cause her overthrow."

"The moonbeams glided yet Chehalem's hills,
With silvery robes. A score of sparkling rills
Their music blent on that eventful morn,
With silvery whispers of the hay unshorn.
As o'er the east her blush Aurora threw,
And off the hills her robe pale Luna drew,
The British lion roared—delusive dream—
Tusoa's eagle with defying scream,
Responded from Chehalem's sacred brow,
Fit throne for Freedom's guardian, and now,
While echoes roll far down that deep blue stream,
Wallamet beautiful, each from his dream,
Rose Freedom's sons, and foes, an earnest throng;
Determined sons to meet with foes as strong.
From marts of trade, where wealth and splendor rule,
From cabin home, from mission, farm and school,
From those her foes, with insolence and pride,
From these her sons, with God upon their side.
Short was the fight, a duel to the death;
But fierce the combat, hell's infernal breath
Her foes assists and strives to gain the land.
Till Matthieu came the fight was hand to hand.
That flaming comet in old Albion's skies,
Not plainer victory spoke to Norman eyes,
And sad disaster to their Saxon foes,
Unparalleled in song than he to those."

"A shout that rent above the purple dome,

CHAMPOEG

Gave Freedom's sons who fought for God and home,
When Matthieu rushed upon the wavering field,
Beat back the foe, who 'neath his weapon reeled,
And fell, or fled in wild confusion hence,
Nor longer rallied in their vain defence.
Brave and undaunted—awful was the blow
That wrenched this jewel from malicious foe,
As fabled Atlas with his spheric load,
So burdened with an empire Matthieu strode,
His foemen all agast, for ne'er the sun
Shone on a victory more nobly won."

"Then twilight came, behind the purple range
Had set the sun, a gorgeous scene and strange
Illumes the western sky; the brightest blue
Betrays a score of stars with lustre new,
And cloudlets scarlet of the richest dye,
With fleecy white embellish all the sky.
Each vanquished Briton of his laurels shorn
Beheld those tints, that each was heaven-born,
Stood sore confused; too plainly 'twas revealed,
That Freedom's triumph was in heaven sealed.
Forth from the victor's camp a shout uprose,
That paralyzed their doubly vanquished foes.
Ne'er since the Roman Prince from Britain's isle,
The cross illumined saw at noonday smile,
Emblazoning the whole celestial dome,
And led him on to victory and Rome,
Had God been pleased his pleasure thus to show,
And vindicate his creatures' acts below.
Thus those he blessed who held this western fort,
And recognized their flag at heaven's court.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Not greed for gold, nor hellish thirst for gore,
First led their footsteps to this favored shore;
But to the west turned each inspired soul,
True as the needle to the frozen pole."

"Repulsed, confounded and defeated sore,
The scarlet wench surveyed the ruin o'er
And called her minions, Treachery and Deceit,
Who to her rushed and groveled at her feet.
'To Webster haste. Fly hence, perfidious twain,
Haste to the scribes, the sycophant retain;
Gold shall be his, with honor and renown.
Part mine shall be; no gem must lose my crown'.
She ceased. The twain with haste now sped away,
To coax the scribe a traitor's role to play;
Though Freedom's sons with clarion voice proclaimed
Columbia's laws should rule, and rule unmaimed,
From Bear's domain to California's line;
And added threats position to define."

"When Quillis on the racing waters spied
Those painted boxes past Cathlamet ride,
Seized his canoe, a handsome stately craft,
Flew to the floatsam, tore one from the raft,
Then took his seat, the prize between his knees—
O luckless man, 'twas full of lively bees—
Unbidden they his manly face caressed.
Like a mad bull his rage and pain expressed,
With swelling face and wounded, closing eyes,
Leaped in the flood, lost both canoe and prize.
Not so the wench, although for all she strives,
A half accepts, on meager part she thrives

CHAMPOEG

In cunning old and in deception wise,
Her base defeat she termed a compromise."

"When forty years had passed, the year, the day,
With hand unwilling, signed her claim away,
Effects she loaded in her great canoe,
And from this blessed spot fore'er withdrew."

VENGEANCE.

* * * Go thou forbid
The famished wolf to slay the captive kid,
Coax thou the hawk his feathered victim spare,
Dissuade the gaunt hyena, starving bear,
First do thou these, command then to depart
That love for vengeance from the human heart.

THE CYNIC'S COMPLAINT.

Fight your own battles thro' life, young man,
On other folks never depend,
You'll find before life's journey is o'er
There's no such thing as a friend.

I have no friend in the cold wide world,
And surely I wish for none,
By scores they are bought for little or naught,
Then why should I seek for one.

OTHER POEMS

SILVER SPIRIT.

Sing no more of Grecian heroes,
Nor of famous Roman legions,
For a name more grand and noble,
And a theme more just and holy,
Have we found in western story;
'Tis the name of Silver Spirit,
Famous wife of Raven Feather,
And the theme: the love of country,
Love of home, and love of honor.

Let the voice of scorn grow silent,
And the ruthless hand grow palsied
That presumes to scar or shatter.
Though the face be fair or swarthy,
Though the hair be straight or curly,
Though the clothes be new or tattered,
Nothing matters, 'tis the action
When the principle is sacred,
That proclaims the worthy hero.

'Mong the hills of this great westland,
Hills quite closely kin to mountains,
Sleeps a valley all surrounded
By huge precipice far uplifting
Toward the azure vault of heaven,
Walls by nature formed and planted,
That were never scaled by foemen.

Through the valley runs a river,
Rising in the distant mountains,
Plunging over massive bowlders,
Through a dark and lonesome canyon,

CHAMPOEG

Where the cliffs rise up defiant,
Trespass on those shores forbidding.
Onward through the valley sparkling
In the sunlight, leaping, splashing,
Hastening onward through the valley,
Regal home of Raven Feather,
Chieftain of unvanquished warriors.
Home of noble Silver Spirit,
Truest wife, most faithful consort,
Home of pretty Golden Echo,
Sweetest maiden, fairest daughter,
Royal household—plunging forward,
Ever hurried to be hidden
In a nether winding canyon;
That no pale face e'er had entered,
Nor the sunlight penetrated.
Far above the rockwall frowning,
Where the eagle claimed dominion,
And the drifting summer cloudlets,
Seemed to gambol on the summit.

In his fasthold in the mountains,
Ruled and reigned brave Raven Feather,
Bravest of the bravest warriors;
And the paleface learned to fear him,
Learned to dread him, learned to hate him,
For he suffered no encroachments
On his rich and boundless prairies,
That for leagues were stretching eastward,
Stretching southward, stretching northward,
While to westward in the mountains,
None presumed dispute dominion.

It was summer when the paleface

AND OTHER POEMS.

Boldly sought out Raven Feather.
Sought him in his strong intrenchments,
To defeat him, and to slay him
For the crimes he had committed,
For his murderous depredations.

Slowly moved that awful army:
Seven thousand horse and footmen,
Twenty pieces heavy ordnance.
Braver men ne'er swung the saber,
Braver men ne'er mounted horses,
Nor pursued vindictive foemen.

Onward toward the scene of conflict,
Calm and steady, grave yet dauntless,
Rode the brave determined horsemen;
Tramped the bold courageous footmen;
Moved the glistening clumsy ordnance.
Onward through the mountain passes,
To the entrance of the canyon:
Only pass to gain the valley.

Ere they entered thus the captain:
"Comrades, true, brave and undaunted,
Yonder dwells a might foeman,
Skilled in all the arts of warfare,
Savage ambush, midnight murder,
He will meet us in this canyon,
Cruel death-trap, woeful ambush,
Fittest place for savage slaughter,
Who is husband? Who is father?
In that fasthold, in that prison,
They hold captives, wives and daughters
Stolen from the homes of settlers.
Captured when their husbands, fathers,

CHAMPOEG

Fell beneath their butchering weapons,
Striving nobly to protect them.
Then compelled to suffer tortures
Far beyond their frail endurance.
They are captives and those demons,
Will in war dance light the fagots
That will burn them as war trophies.
Ah methinks I now can hear them
Pleading with their brutal captors
For another hour's mercy.
And their bruised, discolored faces,
Wet with tears with ceaseless weeping,
Haunt me in this dreadful hour.
Will you tarry while they suffer?
Then arrange those mighty cannon,
Throw your shells far down the canyon,
Let your work be firm and steady.
Agile men, go scale that mountain,
Then approach the very margin
Of the precipice, hurl the boulders
On the foemen far beneath you.
We must conquer, must dislodge them,
And rescue those tortured captives."
As a windstorm bends the forest,
So his calm harangue, yet solemn,
Swayed those heroes. Each was ready:
Foremost leaped the agile footmen,
Mounting high those walls basaltic,
Higher, higher, 'mong the cloudlets,
Eager each to be the foremost,
Eager each to sight the foemen.
High they scramble while the thunder,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Of artillery, never ceasing,
Burst from out the mouths of cannon.
Screamed the shells so wild and frantic,
Down the curved and foggy canyon,
While the horsemen bide the order,
And await the final signal.
Eager each to charge the foemen
Down the canyon; while the mortars
Louder thundered. Ah, the foemen
Have been sighted, heed the signals.
How the bowlders have been loosened,
How they thunder down the mountains.
Woe, and death, and consternation
Spread among the luckless redmen.
Oh the very mountains shudder!
Voice of cannon rolls like thunder,
Echoes from the distant mountains,
Louder, louder, louder thundering.

Heed the signal, "Foe retreating."
"Charge the en'my," shouts the major.
Woeful signal! Wretched order!
Down the canyon charge the horsemen,
Sabers flashing in the sunlight,
Like a stream of burnished silver.
Now they sight the fleeing savage,
Fleeing like the rushing waters.
Shouts of triumph, cheers of victory
Echo through the gloomy death trap.
Little think they that their shouting,
As they clatter down the canyon,
Thinking victory easily purchased,
Will be turned to lamentations.

CHAMPOEG

And in many homes and families,
Will be mourned an absent treasure,
Missing them and ever after.

Out from caverns 'neath the mountains,
Openings obscured by thickets,
Rushed a thousand desperate foemen,
Foemen born with bow and arrow,
Foemen armed with knives and pistols,
Guns of best and latest fashion;
Well supplied with ammunition.
Wild, exulting and unvanquished,
Shouting like ferocious demons,
Spreading fright, dismay and anguish.
Shouts, and shrieks, and hideous warwhoops,
Roll and echo 'mong the mountains.
Loud above the deaf'ning echoes,
Roared the voice of Raven Feather:
"Give no quarter, vile invaders!
Let them die as dies the coward;
To their hearts direct your arrows;
Let their scalps adorn your girdles;
Let them nevermore see sunshine,
Save not, spare not, give no quarter."

Sad and awful grew the conflict;
Heaps on heaps of dead and wounded,
Scores of soldiers, scores of redmen,
All commingled, all confusion.
Every stroke of glittering saber,
Every empty cartridge chamber,
From the savage foe subtracted;
While the tomahawk and arrow,
Did their work with sad precision;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Joined with knife, and gun and pistol,
Strewing ground with horse and rider;
But the foes of Raven Feather,
Inch by inch the ground were gaining;
Though surrounded, caught in ambush,
Fighting still as fights the tiger.

Hark! Whence comes that shout of victory?
In the distance, drawing nearer,
Captain Cody's gained the valley,
By a passage held enchanted,
Deemed enchanted, and forgotten.

From the valley, up the canyon,
In the rear of Raven Feather,
To the conflict rushed three hundred
Brave experts in savage warfare.
Like the morning mist in summer,
Like the dew in month of August,
So the hosts of Raven Feather
Melted 'neath the crimson sabers.
Raven Feather still defiant,
Fell beneath the sword of Cody.
Then with spirits wrecked and broken,
Fled the remnant to the caverns,
Whence the furious columns issued.

Then the shout of victory, victory,
Rang upon the air of noon-day;
But that noble major perished
Just as victory smiled upon them.
When by faithful comrades lifted,
From his lips escaped the whisper:
"Hasten, hasten, save the captives."

Soon his bright eyes lost their luster,

CHAMPOEG

And a shudder flitted o'er him,
He was dead, and crowned with glory.

Down the canyon, deep and rugged,
Rushed brave Cody for the village,
For the captives, to unchain them.

All was silent in the village.
Every house had been deserted,
Yet disturbed not, all had vanished.
Not a footstep, not an echo
Could be seen within the village,
Could be heard within the houses.
Sadly rolled the hurried river,
Dyed from shore to shore with crimson;
But its murmurings gave no answer.
All had gone, both slave and master;
Not a trace of Silver Spirit,
Not a trace of Golden Echo,
Then the dismal thought of caverns
And of cruel writhing tortures,
Seemed to crush their noble manhood;
And a thousand grewsome phantoms
Seemed to crowd before his vision:
Vague reports of Silver Spirit,
Stratagems of Golden Echo.

Suddenly he cast his glances
Down the river in the distance.
" 'Tis the work of Silver Spirit,"
Spoke the man of sober judgment.
Not another word was uttered,
But by Cody brave inspired,
Dashed away the dauntless heroes
Toward the awful, nether canyon;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Dark, and frowning, and forbidding.

Round those rugged walls a pathway
Wound up to a rock o'erhanging
The deep, writhing, bloodstained river;
It was shelf-like, broad and level.
There was built the savage altar,
That for ages had done service,
Every moon, and every leaf drop.
There the sacrifice was offered—
Child or breast or fruit of harvest—
To provoke the spirit's blessing
On the war, the chase or harvest;
Or to bribe celestial guidance,
To prevent each worthy effort,
Or, perchance, divine the future.

There in scarlet robes defiant
Stood heroic Silver Spirit,
By her side in scarlet mantle
Stood undaunted Golden Echo,
And arrayed in perfect order
Stood the wives of chiefs and prophets;
Then the wives of older warriors,
While behind them maids and matrons
With the children, while the captives
Formed a breastwork thick and solid.
What a sight there greeted Cody!
Was there hope now to rescue them?
Who could mount that winding pathway,
And release those fettered captives?
Would the hateful Silver Spirit
Hurl them headlong to the river
To avenge her Raven Feather?

CHAMPOEG

Would they all, leap in the torrent,
And the captives bear before them,
If he strove to mount the pathway?
Thus a hundred thoughts were crowding,
And a hundred fearful pictures
Flashed across his frenzied vision.
Hearts less brave must surely falter;
But brave Cody could not waver
He must do his duty quickly.

Thus he spoke in tones majestic,
Like the roll of mountain thunder:
"Silver Spirit, pause and listen,
Heed the voice of timely warning,
Lest the mountains round you crumble,
And I lead you hence in fetters.
Listen then and heed the message;
To those captives give their freedom;
Down the pathway and surrender
Every captive, loose those fetters,
And your life, though lost by forfeit,
I will spare but still to punish,
Hence in fetters I must lead you."

Then a voice, sad, loud and awful,
Breathing seven-fold defiance,
Echoed through the dismal canyon,
Like the roar of troubled waters;
'Twas the voice of Silver Spirit,
Standing in her robe of scarlet,
While brave Cody stood dumfounded:
"Baseless coward, thus thou speaketh
To a woman; let me warn thee:
Speak again such scathing insults,

AND OTHER POEMS.

And deep in the angry river,
Where the bodies of my people
Float like driftwood in the freshet,
I will hurl those fettered captives;
There to mix in water crimson
With the gore of Raven Feather.
Who art thou that thou shouldst measure
Terms to me, a queen unconquered?
Me, begot by regal father,
Me, high born of a king's daughter,
Me, the wife of Raven Feather?
Speaketh thou to me of fetters,
Thou a low-born vulgar coward!
Harken! Gyves shall never bind me;
Fetters ne'er my wrists encircle,
Nor my people serve in bondage.
Lest thou here this moment sweareth
In the presence of my people,
In the presence of those captives,
That thou'lt give my people freedom;
That thou'lt speak no more of fetters;
But that thou wilt give them succor;
Let them live there in yon valley,
Where they spent their happy childhood,
We will with the fettered captives,
Headlong plunge into the river.
Wilt thou swear it? answer quickly."

Cody knew delay bred danger,
And he sought to save the captives,
And the Indian wives and children,
So, undaunted, and unhumbled,
With a loud voice, clear and boldly,

CHAMPOEG

Said: "I'll swear it, Silver Spirit;
Let thy people and the captives
Now descend the winding pathway,
Live here in thy native valley,
By the rushing unfamed river."

Down the rugged, winding pathway,
Toward the valley moved the captives,
Moved the women and the children,
Like a turbid mountain streamlet;
Winding down the rugged hillside.
Not a word spoke Silver Spirit,
Not a word spoke Golden Echo,
Till the captives, wives, and children
Were in line upon the pathway,
Moving toward their promised freedom,
Which, alas, proved chains and fetters.
Then with step as firm and queenlike,
As to death Maria Stuart—
Martyred queen of Dalriada,
Queen of Scotia, Caledonia,
Long confined in British dungeons
By that vicious, bastard, tyrant,
Base hermaphrodite, usurper—
Strode into the outer rock rim.
Far below the rushing waters
Hissed and groaned in wild confusion.
High above the summer cloudlets
Sped across the field of azure.
Thus unto the Mighty Father:
"Holy Spirit, hear thy daughter,
Help me, shield me at this moment;
Shall I live in chains and fetters?"

AND OTHER POEMS.

Shall the wild rose live in snow-banks?
Shall the lily in the ice fields?
Shall I falter? Thou hast taught me
By the voice of Callapoia,
Best of fathers, he has told me,
And the precepts he has taught me,
I have followed never faltering.
All is lost now but thy teachings
And my honor; yet beside me,
Stands my daughter Golden Echo,
Firm, intrepid, in thee trusting.
We have sworn it, help us, Father,
Never shall the chains of slavery,
Nor the base touch of dishonor
Bind nor stain us. From this ruin
Of my people, home and country,
Take us to my Raven Feather,
To my father Callapoia,
Far beyond death's troubled waters.
Far below us stained with crimson,
With the blood of friend and foeman,
Ope thy bosom, take us, waters.
Let us mingle with my people
Who for home, and us, and country,
Fell upon the field of honor."
Not another word then spoke she
But their mantles wound about them,
Leaped into the angry waters.
Like a boulder from the quarry,
Like a meteor from the heavens.
And the waters roared still louder,
As they sunk beneath its bosom.

CHAMPOEG

Now the redmen flee those mountains;
None e'er enter that wild canyon;
For each moon the mountains echo
Wild harangues in Indian verbiage,
And at midnight those wild waters
Shriek in tones that rend the heavens;
While two spectres robed in scarlet,
Plunge again into the torrent,
And the waters wilder splashing
Drench in blood those mighty mountains,
From their bases to their summits;
While a thousand angry serpents,
Like unto the tongues of lightning,
Sport and plunge within those waters,
Drinking blood in wild carousal.
He who dares to watch those demons,
Or behold those scarlet spectres,
Must, perforce, until the morning,
Dressed in mouldy, fetid grave clothes,
In a serpent's slime be buried.
And within a horrid coffin
Float upon those troubled waters.

AND OTHER POEMS.

MEMALOOSE ISLE.

There's a desolate isle in this green-mantled West,
Where the Oregon rolls—yea asleep in his breast—
As he speeds to the Ultimate Sea,
And the mountains ice-laden and snow-covered rise
Their heads to the cloud-speckled, star-spangled skies,
From that region of terror to flee.

And the Oregon silently glides by that shore,
Then hastens to plunge with a deafening roar
To escape from that woe-stricken sight,
Far over the rocks in the canyon below,
Like an army that flees from a conquering foe,
Bewildered and frantic with fright.

That lone, dismal island in ages long fled,
Has been for the forest child home for his dead;
'Tis the Death spirit's kingdom and throne,
And on its bleak shore there has never been heard
The sigh of a zephyr, nor the song of a bird,
Nor has tree, shrub or flower e'er grown.

A youth, years ago, who had chanced here to roam,
Had found 'mong the natives a wild mountain home,
In a valley the island near by;
His figure was slight, his complexion was fair,
His manner majestic, and silken his hair,
And the fire of love in his eye.

CHAMPOEG

Kamiakin, the brave, was then king of the land,
And woe to the rival who fell 'neath his hand,
By valor he'd everyone test;
Manona, the fair, was his daughter and Queen,
No lovelier damsel has ever been seen
In this beautiful land of the West.

Now, long ere the beard had appeared on his face,
Young Victor was foremost in battle and chase,
And Kamiakin grew fond of the man.
The Queen sweetly smiled when Victor appeared,
The warriors heroic exultantly cheered,
As he led on to victory the clan.

For the hand of the Queen young Victor had sued,
His prayer was granted; the maiden he wooed,
The chieftain bestowed his consent;
But a warrior of wealth did inherit her hand,
By the primitive statutes that governed the land,
And the marriage he strove to prevent.

He challenged young Victor to mention the day,
And meet him in honorable battle array,
And bide by the primitive code;
Brave Victor replied with a confident smile,
By choosing the weapons, and naming the isle,
Death's bleak, undisputed abode.

'Tis morning, the day star is riding on high,
There appear in the east faintest lights in the sky,
'Tis the first of the beautiful May.
Behold in the dawnlight the memorable two,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Gliding over the water in a lonely canoe,
Determined each other to slay.

They ascend the lone isle, and the bright rising sun
Sees the work of destruction already begun—
The combat grows cruel and grim—
And not till the sun the mid-heaven has gained,
Has the conflict abated, though the heroes are stained
By crimson from body and limb.

They advance, they retreat, rally, stagger and reel,
'Mid mutterings of curses and clashing of steel,
Oh, who shall succumb to defeat?
There! Just as the shadow tells noon on the plain,
Brave Victor has triumphed, his rival is slain,
And lifeless reclines at his feet.

Brave Victor has triumphed; great God, but the cost—
His body all shattered, his reason all lost,
Manona led him from the scene.
True love is divine, although savage the heart,
What God has united man never can part,
Though oceans may billow between.

Her lover she nurses, stands guard at his cot,
An angel of mercy might envy her lot;
True love in no chain will abide.
But her delicate strength gave way 'neath the strain,
Till no longer could she by her lover remain,
And they bore her away from his side.

She faded as fades the most fragile of flowers,

CHAMPOEG

When bitter north winds rend leafless the bowers,
And on Memaloose Island she's lain.
Brave Victor, unconscious through long Summer days,
Lay wasted and wasting, and death-like his gaze,
And deliriously wild was his brain.

And not till the leaves had been hurled from the trees,
And the rain-bearing clouds were afloat on the breeze,
Declaring that Summer had fled;
The tiller had garnered his harvest of grain,
And withered and sere was the mountain domain
When Victor arose from his bed.

One bright Autumn day health and reason again
Returned and asserted triumphant their reign,
And called Victor back from the dead.
He called for Manona, his joy and his pride,
Manona, his loved one, Manona his bride;
But mute was the voice that had fled.

"Manona, where art thou?" he shouted again,
But feeble the effort, for great was his pain,
No answer came back in reply.
He summoned all strength and rushed to the door,
And called for Manona louder far than before,
But the hills answered back with a sigh.

The chieftain whose eyelids had never known tears,
Nor shrunk from a foeman for fifty long years,
Now wept with a grief-broken heart.
"Brave Victor," he cried, with a feverish breath,
"Manona, thy love, is now sleeping in death,

AND OTHER POEMS.

The nearest and dearest must part.

"Abstain from thy weeping, oh, fetter thy grief,
Go marshal thy warriors, for thou shalt be chief,
And share thou my kingdom with me.
But bow to his will when the Spirit shall name,
In the mystic beyond thou thy treasure shall claim,
So nobly purchased by thee."

"O father majestic," brave Victor replied,
"Thy words are the statutes that all must abide,
But grant me this favor I pray:
When the spirit shall call, in a grave by her side
May I rest? Sweet Manona, my beautiful bride,
Oh guide me wherever I stray."

Long years fled apace, and like sunshine on frost,
The red man has vanished, his country is lost,
A foreigner rules it the while.
Brave Victor, grown aged, had wandered away,
But his spirit was buried deep under the clay,
Far away upon Memaloose Isle.

With a grief-broken heart, with a blight on his life,
Ever lonely 'mong crowds, 'mid clamor and strife,
He dwelt on that mystical shore.
But the Queen of his youth, his comfort and pride,
Was his constant companion and walked by his side,
To be parted from him never more.

One morning in Spring, fifty years from the day

CHAMPOEG

That he met his fierce rival in battle array,
Brave Victor was summoned to go.
"O carry me now and let me depart,
On Memaloose Isle, where I buried my heart,
In the grave of my Queen long ago."

Thus ended a life that in story shall dwell
As long as the heart with emotion shall swell,
Let no vandal presume to revile.
A slow-moving steamer in mourning, all draped,
Bore him with the mourners, all sorrowfully craped,
To his home upon Memaloose Isle.

Now long ere his body to rest had been laid,
His spirit was roaming the realms of shade
With Manona, his Queen and his bride;
But the warrior determined, relentless foe,
For ages eternal no rest should he know,
Nor peace in those regions abide.

Their neighbors declare that each moon of the year,
Two spectres all horrid and grewsome appear,
And as oft is that duel renewed.
They advance, they retreat, rally, stagger and reel,
'Mid mutterings of curses, and clashes of steel,
They strive for the maid they have wooed.

At the noon of the night when the warrior is slain,
There appears on the isle an innumerable train,
Who bear him away to the grave,
While Victor is led from that hideous scene,
To his tent by the hand of his beautiful Queen,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Who worships her lover so brave.

Then groanings and shrieks of derision and scorn
The mountains re-echo from midnight till morn,
While darkness grows heavy and drear;
And wild are the flashings of hideous eyes,
The wailings of sorrow, and sad, screaming cries
That frighten the eye and the ear.

CHAMPOEG

GUADALAJARA.

In the southland, in the tropics,
Runs the legend, long ago,
Dwelt two hunters, blithe and happy,
In a vale in Mexico.

They had roamed the hills and valleys,
Since their childish feet could stray,
And they knew each grove and forest,
O'er the country, miles away.

Oft they slew the fiercest panther,
And the grizzly bear as well,
From their bows, their trusty arrows
Reached at will the wild gazelle.

If, perchance, the wild coyote,
In the vale, serene and calm,
Or an eagle from the mountain,
Dare assault the grazing lamb,

Woe to him, for ever ready
Were those hunters, night or day,
And they swore to know no slumber,
Till the foe they first would slay.

And the herdsmen blessed the hunters,
Oft with them his treasures shared,

AND OTHER POEMS.

E'en the prattling, lisping children
Joyfully their praise declared.

It was summer in the valley,
Just about the noon of day,
When an eagle, gray and savage,
Ever in the search of prey,

On a bush, near by the hunters,
That the pathway overhung,
Lit; the younger seized his arrow,
For his bow was tightly strung.

Bent his bow to utmost tension,
And he took a deadly aim,
When a maiden fair and lovely,
Slowly up the pathway came.

"Guadalajara," cried the brother,
As he seized his manly arm,
"Guadalajara—hold your arrow—
Lest you do an awful harm."

But his eye had caught the vision,
And his soul was all aflame,
His faithful bow relaxed its tension,
As the maiden closer came.

Naught he saw but her sweet visage,
Nothing heard except her voice,
Softer than the sweetest music,
Made his beating heart rejoice.

CHAMPOEG

He the maiden wooed, and won her.
When the bridal day she named,
She this happy spot selected,
Where his prize the hunter claimed.

'Neath those pretty Mexic heavens,
They were wedded man and wife,
Where he sought to slay the eagle,
Happiest day in all his life.

Then his lonesome elder brother
Sought and found himself a bride,
Settled in that pretty valley,
Living neighbors side by side.

Years flew by, and heaven blessed them,
Each his children half a score,
Saw in happy childish freedom,
Gambol round his cottage door.

Thankful for those heavenly blessings,
Wreathed around each humble cot,
They resolved to build a city,
To commemorate the spot.

Where was stayed the poisoned arrow,
That had been ordained to slay,
Where the coming of the maiden,
Changed two hunters' lives that day.

There they built a pretty city,
In that valley green and low,

AND OTHER POEMS.

And they welcomed there the stranger,
Far away in Mexico.

"Guadalajara" they have named it;
Justice they with mercy blend;
There the luckless, and the needy
Find in every man a friend.

There the widow and the orphan
Drifting on life's chilling wind,
An asylum, safely sheltered
From oppression always find.

"Guadalajara"—Hold the arrow—
Let that sound from shore to shore,
Let the hills and vales re-echo,
Till oppression lives no more.

"Hold the arrow," let it never
Make again one aching wound,
Dry the tears, go staunch the bleeding,
Lift the fallen off the ground.

"Hold the arrow," get the bandage,
Wash and bind the wound it made;
And within the distant Eden,
All thy deeds shall be repaid.

CHAMPOEG

UTSALADA.

Five and forty times the wild rose
Blossomed on the lea,
Since there stood an Indian village
By the twilight sea;
Village of a thousand persons,
On that fertile shore,
Their canoes at anchor riding
Numbered twenty score.

Near the village stood a mountain,
Rugged, steep and high;
Robed with giant firs and cedars,
Climbing toward the sky.
Twenty springs of clearest water
Bubbled from the bank,
Leaping forth with gurgling music,
'Mong the grasses rank.

Rushing, sparkling thro' the meadows,
To the restless brine;
Twice a thousand winged songsters,
'Mong the groves of pine
Chant and whistle sweetest music,
Softer than the lute;
Shrubs and vines and twigs and bushes
Break 'neath loads of fruit.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Up the hillsides, thro' the valleys,
Precious gift divine;
To the limit of the harvest,
Who could fix the line?
Thither came the forest children,
Tribes of many score,
They those berries came to gather
On that fertile shore.

Friends and foes in peace commingled,
This was sacred ground.
Peace triumphant ruled the village,
By the Puget Sound.
"Utsalada"—lots of berries,
Shouted was and sung,
Till at last it was engrafted
In each Indian tongue.

Summer came, the clans had gathered,
As in seasons past,
Little thinking that this meeting
Was for them the last;
But each brave and dauntless lover
Woody his dusky maid,
And the children roamed and gamboled
In the forest shade.

When pale Luna rode mid-heaven,
On her golden wheel,
When the stars had marked the midnight,
Then did slumber steal
On the warm and mellow breezes,

CHAMPOEG

Kissed each heavy eye,
Stole away their cares and senses,
Bid them sleep and die.

As the gyveless Johntown demon
Rode Death's angry wave,
So the deathi sprite rode the mountain
For an awful grave.

OLD VALMALO.

Chained in Chippewyan caves, unworthy death,
Raves old Valmalo, whose pernicious breath,
If unrestrained, would soon all life destroy,
Lay waste the westland at the first deploy.
Him Neptune fought, o'erthrew, chained in a cave,
Too base to die, and hence allowed to rave.
His noisome breath all flesh benumbs and chills,
Dethrones the intellect and vigor kills.
The demon same that drove the ships of Dan,
And beckoned Ephraim when woes began.
No homage his, or him no flowers bloom,
No altars flame, no fragrant censers fume.

MY AUTUMN BOUQUET.

Fair Autumn had clothed the woodland,
The mountain, the hill, and the vale,
With mantles of exquisite beauty;
Pink, brilliant, and russet, and pale.
The umber and scarlet commingled,
The emerald vied with the gold,
The purple compete with the crimson
The laurel of beauty to hold.

And I sang as I gazed on that picture
That blushed with the tints of the dawn,
Eclipsing the beauties of Beulah,
Or Eden's magnificent lawn—
O Oregon, princess of beauty,
My home by the monarch of seas,
Thy splendor has equaled perfection,
Caressed by the balmiest breeze.

The storm-sprite rode in the midnight,
And slew with his poisonous breath,
Unbridled he roamed thro' the woodland,
Spread ruin, destruction and death.
He shrieked o'er the prairies and meadows,
He screamed thro' the forests of pine,
Invaded the mighty Pacific,
And lashed into fury the brine.

O, grieved was my heart in the morning,

CHAMPOEG

For the storm had died with the night,
The sun brightly shone on the ruin,
And sorrowfully sad was the sight;
The wild grape, the dogwood, and maple,
Were stripped of their splendid array;
The deathsprite had plundered my idol,
And scattered my forest bouquet.

Black, far in the west stood the cloudbank,
And Hope, while in sorrow I bowed,
With tints distilled from the autumn leaves,
Had painted his bow on the cloud;
Then into my heart thus he whispered:
"When treasures and idols shall fly,
And the beauties of earth life vanish,
Look ever, look ever, on high."

The smallest dewdrop on the violet
When the curtains of night are unfurled,
Reflects from its bosom the image
Of some far off glittering world.
So the soul of the humblest mortal,
That has earth's weary pathway trod,
Contains, though unheeded, the image,
The beautiful image of God.

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE BELL OF ST. PAULS.

Ah, well I remember the first silvery peals
That fell on my ear, mid those green sunny fields,
And memory now pictures the day I arose
From the foot of thy altar, as spotless as snow,
To fight with the world, be defeated and fall,
Yet "Arise, oh arise," pleads the bell of St. Pauls.

Now lonely and sad, from thy precincts astray,
While cold blows the winds over life's weary way,
And humbled and crushed, by the tempter assailed,
For mine is the light that so sadly has failed;
Yet through the bleak storm, a gentle voice calls:
"Return, oh return," pleads the bell of St. Pauls.

Oh pensive and mute, I've heard thy sad toll,
When loose from its bondage, some sin-weary soul
Sped gyveless, and free, to that shadowless clime,
Resplendent with youth, or bejeweled with rime.
Yet in those sad hours, thy mellow voice calls:
"Look aloft, look aloft," sweetest bell of St. Pauls.

When Death's silent city I visit alone,
And trace each loved name on the moss covered stone,
Mid flowers and bramble so tangled and wild,
I kneel by the grave of my beautiful child;
When low on my ear a silvery note falls;
"Look aloft, look aloft," pleads the bell of St. Pauls.

CHAMPOEG

I miss thee at twilight, at noontide, at morn—
At midnight proclaiming, "A Savior is born"—
In vain I have listened in far distant zones,
For a sweeter 'mong kindred of mellowest tones,
From arches, and turrets, majestic and tall,
But alas there's but one sweet bell of St. Paul.

THE KILLING OF THE FLAME.

As mighty rivers from small fountains flow,
So great disasters from small causes grow;
A child I knew, who lacking common toys
That now by scores are found 'mong other boys,
Betook himself one sultry summer day
Unto a haystack's shade to muse and play.
He many pleasant moments loitered there,
While building childish castles in the air.
A match at length he in his pocket found,
He lighted it, then threw it to the ground;
It fell upon the dry and fragrant hay,
That round his feet in great profusion lay.
A moment more the tongues of fire dart,
Consume the hay and for new conquests start;
Invading quickly each adjacent field
That double quickly to the conqueror yields;
Then sweeps away across the fertile plain,
Consuming leagues of fields of ripen grain,
Of orchard, vineyards, gardens, forest grand,
Spreads desolation o'er a blooming land;
While beast and man, too, fall an easy prey,
Nor cities dare presume dispute his sway.

THE CRAPE ON MY DOOR.

There is ever some phantom that's haunting each life,
There's a spot in each heart that is sore.
The specter that shadows my soul like a pall
Is the crape that they hung on my door.

O light was my bosom in manhood's bright dawn,
And clear as the sky that bends o'er,
Till summer's sweet breath first whispered of death,
And they hung up the crape on my door.

Long years have elapsed, the banquet is spread,
The graceful forms whirl on the floor;
Though music's sweet strain has bewildered my brain,
Yet I see the crape hang on my door.

Enchanted I stand on the mountains so grand,
Or the wild, rugged, surf-beaten shore,
The grander the scene, the quicker returns
The crape that they hung on my door.

If I ride on the wings of translucent morn
To the deep tangled forests where pour
The waters o'er unmeasured cataracts, there's
The crape that they hung on my door.

At night when I roam in the regions of dream,
That mystical song-sacred shore,

CHAMPOEG

Enraptured I gaze on each picture till comes
The crape that they hung on my door.

Whene'er my sad eyes unto heaven arise,
Which for comfort in faith I search o'er,
There each drifting cloud takes the form of a shroud,
Or the crape that they hung on my door.

MY CHOICE.

Mine be the soul free as yon gyveless sail,
That plows each sea, fair or adverse the gale;
Explores each gulf, seeks richest marts of trade;
The spicy isles, or frozen realms invades,
And freights perhaps with gems from tropic seas,
Japan's rich silks, or China's fragrant teas,
Gold of Woolloomooloo, or fleece, or grain,
With Persian fruits, or wines of France, or Spain.
For greatest treasure seeks no foreign sea,
But ever speeds, sweet Oregon, to thee.
Cursed be his chains, and thrice cursed he who'd bind
His brother's limbs, a thousand fold his mind.
Be e'er above the narrow groove of schools,
Leave that to parrots, apes, and fawning fools.

AND OTHER POEMS.

MAHONIA.

(THE OREGON WILD GRAPE.)

First his tiny brow enwreathe, let the newborn infant
breathe

Mahonia's fragrance on his natal day;
His soul it will inspire with a patriotic fire
That brighter glows as seasons roll away.
With joy his breast will swell, to greet o'er hill and
dell

The sweet mahonia everywhere he roam;
'Twill serve a mystic chain, new strength 'twill daily
gain,
And bind him to his loved ones and his home.

Then enwreathe his smiling bride as she blushes by his
side,

With a garland of mahonia, gold and green,
And upon his wedding day, his the buttonhole bouquet
Of the rich mahonia's brightest emerald sheen.

If his future footsteps lead thro' the woodlands, o'er
the mead,

Sweet memories about his heart will play,
And wherever strays his feet, sweet mahonia smiles to
greet—

The joys recall that cluster round that day.

When our soldiers march away, bring the green ma-
honia spray,

CHAMPOEG

'Tis a mascot that insures him true renown;
If upon the field he fall, Freedom's banner be his pall,
And a green mahonia garland be his crown.
We will mourn our hero brave, we will decorate his
grave

With garlands speaking life beyond the tomb;
And a spray of verdant grape we will mingle with our
crape,
With purple fruit or burnished golden bloom.

Truth is like a rosewreath,
A perfect diadem,
And for its foes, it always grows
Upon a thorny stem.

THE OLD IRON SKILLET.

Let the parlor belle, dressed in lace, ribbons, and sashes,
Praise her rosewood piano, and Spanish guitar,
Let the dude twirl his cane as he counts his moustaches,
Befouling the air with his nasty cigar,
But I'll sing the praise of a treasure, God will it,
In words of sweet measure, of melody clear,
'Tis the old iron skillet, utensil and weapon,
The skillet my mother used on the frontier.

Ah, well I remember the bright rosy morning,
To'ard the regions of twilight we turned from the
dawn,
And crossed the great river, midst farewells and warn-
ings,
Invading dame Nature's magnificent lawn.
A sea of wild verdure, where beautiful flowers
Perfumed the spring zephyrs, enchantment to lend,
Behind us had faded from sight the tall towers,
Earth seemed in the distance with heaven to blend.

In gold clouds and crimson the sun was declining,
Our teams roamed unfettered the meadows to graze,
We camped by a streamlet, the full moon was shining,
Our white tents we pitch, while our camp fires blaze.
Preparing our supper the first to do duty,
(A feast for a king on the prairie was spread),
The skillet a mortar for grinding our coffee,
The skillet an oven for baking our bread.

CHAMPOEG

One cold foggy morning, the Snakes gave us battle,
In a vale near a streamlet that easterly flowed,
They wounded our pickets, stampeded our cattle,
And nearer around us their death circle rode,
More bullets, more bullets, quick, quick the old skillet,
Fan up the bright coals, hurry, heap on the lead.
A chieftain sprang forward with tomahawk lifted,
He rushed at my mother and aimed at her head.

His head she deluged with the seething white metal;
He fell, and his screams echoed over the plains,
She rushed on her foe, stamped her foot on his bosom,
And with the old skillet she dashed out his brains,
Hills echoed his scream, and each savage foeman,
In wild consternation, now fled with great fear:
The white squaw had conquered, her only rude weapon,
The long-handled skillet, gem of the frontier.

A death in the desert, my sweet little sister,
The joy of our camp, and the life of our train;
We must leave her behind, great God how we missed
her,
We must leave her alone, on the sage studded plain,
Oh fast flowed our tears, the gaunt wolf kept vigil,
Where no waters murmur, where no willows wave,
Alone in the desert we knelt in the starlight,
And with the old skillet we scooped out a grave.

Next lost in the mountains, go friend and examine
Those stumps that we cut on the top of the snow,
E'er threatened with death by exposure and famine,
With no one to help us, where, where could we go?

AND OTHER POEMS.

Even then the Great Father forgot not his children,
For sure as He ever sent quails to the Jew,
A brace of fine elk He sent thro' the snow storm,
Which a pack of gaunt wolves essayed to pursue.

With last charge of powder, father brought down the
leader,

In his hand the rifle ne'er failed in its aim,
And grand was our feasting beneath the great cedar,
The old skillet sang with its burden of game.
Hark! A shout in the night causing fright and commo-
tion,

Was it scream of wild beast? Was it shout of a
foe?

Oh great was our joy and reverent devotion,
'Twas the rescuers' shout in the canyon below.

O'ercome with emotion: to answer their calling
Too hoarse with exposure, with ecstasy dumb;
But into the darkness the cold rain was falling,
The old skillet rang out a welcoming drum.
Home, home they led us to land of great plenty,
No fields are greener, no skies are more clear,
And far more a home than a palace our shanty,
Surrounded by friends proven on the frontier.

The shanty has vanished, and cottage or mansion
Stand robed like a bride, the cabin site near,
Mid wealth and mid luxury I'll ever remember.
The long-handled skillet, gem of the frontier.

HAIL TO THEE, OREGON.

Unequaled thy prowess, thy speed, and thy form,
Hail, Oregon, monarch of battle and storm.
We've mentally measured each league round the Horn,
Where the storm-king holds sway, and the tempest is
born;

Then watched thee speed north to the Indian isles,
Where they greet thee with praises, and blessings, and
smiles.

In story and song float thy name on the breeze,
Till thy years grow to ages, Police of the seas.

So sped our bold Whitman o'er limitless snow,
To wrench this fair jewel from the grasp of the foe.
'Twas his to encounter both traitors and gold,
In league with a foeman vindictive and old,
Whose record is written with innocent blood,
On earth's fairest landscapes, and waves of the flood.
Oh, sad was his fate, for he fell 'neath her hand,
And a martyr's blood drank up my beautiful land.
We eagerly crowd round, ever anxious to know
If the knight of the deep has encountered his foe,
Knowing well that the fate of the lion and bear,
With Goliath of Gath, thy foeman shall share.
When the storm sprite defiant is rousing the deep,
When the typhoons unbridled the wild ocean sweep,
Thro' carnage of battle, thro' death's lurid flames,
Bear ever unsullied thy sweetest of names.
We praise you, Sir Knight, so undaunted and bold,

AND OTHER POEMS.

With harp of pure silver, and every string gold;
For naught else is worthy to throb to express
The numbers to cheer thee, to praise thee, and bless.
When hoarse voice of war has been silenced once more,
And sway of the tyrant expugned from that shore,
Let cheers, rousing cheers, then caress the blue skies;
No heart must know sorrow when tyranny dies.
Let congratulations flood full on the morn,
When Freedom declares a new nation is born.

When Peace smiles again, if triumphant and proud,
Thy smoke wreathes, come, mingle with our rain-bearing
clouds.

Come battered and shattered, and prouder we'll feel,
To know that thy foeman was worthy thy steel.
The heart of each freeman swells high in his breast,
To welcome and greet thee, thou Prince of the West.

The future unfolding, I read in the skies,
And pictures prophetic now dazzle my eyes:
Upon every headland a beacon light gleams,
A thousand wheels splash in a hundred clear streams,
Smokewreaths black as storm clouds gush forth from
the forge,
The shrill whistle screams up each wild mountain
gorge,
The furnace and smelter throb, quiver, and groan,
While treasures roll forth from the guardian stone.

Beneath Freedom's banner together are drawn
These green shores of twilight, those isles of the dawn;
And for Iolani, that gem of the brine,

CHAMPOEG

'Mong the stars of our banner, another shall shine.
May the day that's just dawned be extended and bright,
With Prince of the squadron, our hero and knight.

KESANO—THE MEADOWLARK.

Where blue Wallamet's crystal waters blend
With Oregon's, an island doth extend
Six leagues toward the north. Kesano's smoke
Curled here in air, and council verbiage spoke.
A thousand men he oft to battle led,
And when he fought a thousand foemen bled.
Within a grove, unto his mansion close,
He reared an altar to the sweet Chinos;
Mahonia fed the sacrificial spark,
That is her shrub, her bird, the meadowlark.
When first she rose from her bejeweled cave
In regal splendor on the thermal wave,
Ere mounting hence into the realms of air,
The liquid gems shook from her silken hair;
And as the rocket heavenward soars ablaze,
Mid heaven bursts and thousand stars displays,
So burst each gem, and from the bursting sprung
A thousand choristers of sweetest tongue.
In clouds they rose, and each essayed to sing
Chinos, the beautiful, the Queen of Spring.
Valmalo old, that demon of the east,
A thousand-fold his fury now increased,
Unholy, truceless war at once he waged,
With all her hosts the Queen of Spring engaged,
They to resent such base and heinous wrong,
Joined in the fray—unfinished left their song.

AND OTHER POEMS.

SWEET MAMOOSA BAY.

BELLINGHAM BAY.

Sparkling in the twilight,
And glistening in the dawn,
As docile and as gentle
As a flower-spangled lawn,
Nestling 'mong the islands,
Where mellow zephyrs play,
Courtied by the fairies,
Lies sweet Mamoosa Bay.

Pictured in thy bosom
Reversed the heavens swing,
Sailing o'er in mystic barque
Is the angel of the Spring.
Thy crystal, sparkling wavelets,
Of deepest azure hue,
Leap to kiss the roses
Bejeweled with the dew.

E'er guarded by a hero,
Enrobed in snowy shrouds,
A monarch of the mountains
And companion of the clouds.
Yon purple isles are smiling
To kiss the azure sky,
Inviting down the angels,
From out the courts on high.

CHAMPOEG

Hills, and groves, and islands,
In brightest emerald dressed,
Inverted show their pictures
Within thy silvery breast,
The angels of the landscape
That skirts thy favored shore,
Polka with thy wavelets,
To music of their roar.

On yonder western heavens,
Arrayed in battle form,
'Mid lightnings and 'mid thunder,
Is the demon of the storm;
What though the heavens tremble,
And the forest bow before?
The storm sprite is forbidden
To breathe upon thy shore.

The golden sun is setting,
Behind the clouds has rolled,
Tinting up yon purple isles,
With crimson and with gold,
The ever-sacred twilight
That with thy wavelets play,
Softly whisper "Sweet good-night,"
To calm Mamoosa Bay.

MY LITTLE LOST IRENE.

Some crown their Queen the humming bird,
 Upon her lily throne,
While some perhaps the butterfly
 Throned on a rose would own;
But I would crown with pearls and gold
 My idol and my Queen,
Not humming bird, nor butterfly,
 But little sweet Irene.

Some love the roarings of the sea,
 Those sad and plaintive lays,
But some prefer the chink of gold,
 Yet some the voice of praise.
The sweetest music to my soul,
 Seraphic and serene,
The lisping tones, the ringing peals
 Of little sweet Irene.

Some mourn their riches early flown,
 And some a shipwrecked name,
Some mourn their beauty fled away,
 And some the cloud of shame;
But I have mourned with broken heart,
 My angel and my Queen,
My anchor lost, my earth-star fled,
 My little lost Irene.

CHAMPOEG

OREGON.

(PROLOGUE.)

We stand on the verge of a century's grave,
And gaze at the Temple of Fame;
A monument grand, 'tis the gift of the brave,
Erected in Liberty's name.

We stand in amazement and call back the train
Of years that have glided away;
When clouds of oppression o'erspread the domain,
And hope had nigh vanished away.

We see in the front the proud Briton invade,
The savage besieging the rear;
Farms, cities, and hamlets in ruins are laid;
The screams of the fleeing we hear.

The dark wreaths of smoke, slowly curling on high,
Are drifting—fast drifting away—
The bright sun of Justice now shines in the sky,
And Liberty glows in its ray.

The column oppression had reared, to decay
Has fallen a century ago,
And over its ruins commingled today
The flowers of harmony grow.

'Tis morn in the land, and the nations of earth
Are grasping Columbia's hand,

AND OTHER POEMS

And rejoice on the day of America's birth,
That took 'mong the nations her stand.

Why should I sing of foreign lands
Beyond the bitter moon-mad brine,
While greater theme by far commands
This happy, native shore of mine?

What though they boast of pyramids
By slaves erected, huge, sublime,
Tremendous structures that have hid
'Neath wonder's garb vast seas of crime.

Of a Coliseum crumbling fast
Before Time's great erosive shrine;
A relic of bright ages past,
Of vanished glory but a sign.

What though they boast of long ago,
Of men of valor and renown;
How Sparta met her haughty foe,
And slew a myriad Persians down.

Or of great deeds heroes have done
On other bloody ghastly fields?
And of their thousand victories won
While others were compelled to yield?

Of heritage we boast more grand;
Of happy homes, of Freedom's tree,
Of peace and plenty, fertile land,
A people generous, brave and free.

CHAMPOEG

We boast of pioneers who crosssd
The rugged mountain, sultry plain,
And on this green Pacific coast,
To Freedom gave a new domain.

While others strove in distant lands
Through blood to gain an envied crown,
Our soldiers marched with ax in hand,
And hewed the mighty forests down.

With faithful plow, and honest spade,
They turned the grassy, fertile sod
That had for ages dormant laid,
By naught but beast, and savage trod.

With hearts united quickly tore
Away that rayless ebon cloud,
That veiled so long this western shore,
Of which, thank God! today we're proud.

We boast of land by blood unstained,
We boast of Liberty and Peace;
Far dearer boon than e'er were gained
By Egypt, Rome, or sunny Greece.

Of wide spread fertile harvest fields,
Where wave the bounteous grains of gold,
Which to industry's hand will yield
A rich reward, a hundred fold.

I'll sing of rivers deep and wide,
Of snow-capped mountains, fertile plain,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Of scenes romantic, not outvied
By any State in Union's chain.

A hundred nations here go forth
To sow and gather in the grain,
Some from the south, some from the north,
All mingling over hill and plain.

Oh, Oregon, my State, my land!
Long hast thy lyre been unstrung;
But with God's help henceforth thou'lt stand,
Columbia's brightest stars among.

The praises of the sunny south
Let others tune their harps and sing;
New England's praise with open mouth,
Let others shout till woodlands ring.

Of Oregon I'll sing the praise,
Columbia's bright hesperian star,
Kissed by the sun's last lingering rays,
I'll sound her praises near and far.

Thy loyalty, I proudly claim,
By many states is not surpassed;
Rebellion never soiled thy fame,
Nor blew here e'er her deadly blast.

Thy soil by slaves was never trod,
Here Blue Laws never found a home,
Here royal feet ne'er stained the sod,
Here treason never dared to come.

CHAMPOEG

When war's black clouds began to rain
On sunny South their sanguine flood,
The tempest came not here to stain
Thy soil with fratricidal blood.

Roll on, broad, blue Wallamet, on,
Multnoma guard, serenely, long;
Advance, my lovely Oregon,
And I'll record thy deeds in song.

DECEMBER.

The cold winds of autumn,
O'er mountain and plain,
Are heralding winter—
Long season of rain.

The leaves of the maple
Are somber and sere,
And hurled from the branches
By autumn winds drear.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

A demon in a mountain gorge
Had years in fetters lain,
But cankering rust had day by day
Kept gnawing at his chain.

Though docile in his fetters he,
And thought securely chained,
Had every day and every hour,
New strength and vigor gained.

Far down the rugged mountain glen,
There stood a mart of trade,
While through its midst in wildest glee
A mountain streamlet played.

While through the busy streets there rushed
The eager, thoughtless crowds,
The landscape saw, but not its fault,
The sky, but not its clouds.

To them across the sunny sky
Seemed bent the bow of peace;
But while they strove the demon slept,
His power to increase.

A troop of Sports this demon kept
For pleasure and for gain;

CHAMPOEG

With golden threads they sewed the mouth
Of him who dared complain.

The day was done, the hour was marked
By scores of whistles shrill,
That answered back the echoes clear,
From many a grassy hill.

Each to his home himself betook,
And sat him down to dine—
The poor man to his crust of bread,
The rich to cake and wine.

Up from his sleep, a savage leap,
With jaws distended wide,
The demon like a lion roared,
And lashed his angry sides.

As when a mighty whirling wind
A Kansas town assails,
So now he woke, his fetters broke,
Nor man nor beast prevails.

A courier fleet rushed down the street,
And shouted as he sped;
The demon flew, he wrecked and slew;
High piled his heaps of dead.

All in his path, before his wrath,
'Twas given none to flee;
He maimed and slew—he perished, too—
He leaped into the sea.

AND OTHER POEMS.

A VISIT FROM THE SLAIN.

Like an emerald brooch on a fair lady's breast
Reposes an isle in the Sea of the West,
And there once a lover abode.
The breath of Termari with rich verdure dressed,
Both the tides and the waves the island caressed,
While his boat on the surges rode.

He chose for a bride a most beautiful maid,
His plans for the future he carefully laid,
His joy and delight were supreme;
His bearing was pleasing, his countenance bright;
While snatches of song spoke a perfect delight,
His life a continuous dream.

The maiden was beautiful—generous her heart—
Cecilia had called her to study her art,
She must go, a short season to stay;
The sorrow of parting their tender hearts wrung,
While terms of endearment flowed fast from his tongue,
The great steamer bore her away.

Then lonesome and sad he returned to his isle,
His countenance fallen, departed the smile
That rendered his features so bright.
Forebodings of evil e'er haunted his brain,
He sought in hard labor a solace to gain;
At daylight he wished it were night.

CHAMPOEG

At night when he roamed in the regions of dream,
His rest would a feverish delirium seem,

Thus fast was his wasting away.
He tossed on his bed the whole of the night;
If he slept he awakened with feverish fright,
At nightfall he wished it were day.

She sailed, and a fog the sea settled o'er,
On out through the strait, far south 'long the shore
The darkness grew denser—'twas night.
No mortal could see, yet they sailed in their course,
Another ship struck her—terrific the force—
The doomed loudly screamed with affright.

Was struck near the prow, terrific the crash,
Her timbers were shattered, enormous the gash
That let in the pitiless wave.
She trembled, she lurched with a terrible lunge;
She quivered and reeled, then a horrible plunge
She carried them down to their grave.

Of the dozens and scores that the sea had slain,
All yet save one encoffined remain
In the depth of the angry sea.
She started at once for his verdant isle,
Past islands and capes, full many a mile,
She arose from the coffin free.

The Indians claim to have seen in the night
A stately pirogue all fashioned in light,
Propelled by two beautiful swan:
The swans were most graceful, exceedingly white,

AND OTHER POEMS.

The fabric entire exceedingly bright;
But it faded in air at the dawn.

He saw in his dreams a mystical bark
Steer straight for his isle o'er the waters dark,
And frantic he sprang from his bed.
He rushed to the beach in the cold night air—
God pity the man, for his lover was there—
His lover was there, but dead.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Methinks mankind are not unlike
To ripen'd fruit from nodding boughs
Suspended:—a gentle zephyr
Comes, disturbs their grave inertia,
Then many fall and are by earth
Again reclaimed. 'Tis so with man.
But many fade like blossoms nipped
By frost; and others fall like fruit
Unripe by greedy gourmands plucked.

CHAMPOEG

GOOD-BYE, MY BABY, GOOD-BYE.

I wander in dream to a beautiful stream,
Where a grove of green firs crown the hill;
The sun in the west is descending to rest,
While the busy wheels whirl in the mill.

'Tis beautiful June, and the meadowlark's tune
Is heard in the cloudless sky;
My baby boy stands on the silvery sands,
And bids me a loving good-bye.

Ah, little I thought as his loving words caught,
When the ferry splashed over the wave,
That distant I'd roam from friends and from home,
And be at rest in the grave!

Each splash of the oar sent its waves to the shore,
At the foot of the cottonwood high;
One wave of his hand, as he stood in the sand,
He bids me forever good-bye.

Myself full in name and in features and frame,
Yet brighter the gleam of his eye;
By the side of the river we parted forever—
Good-bye, my baby, good-bye.

In that glorified land my babies three stand,
And I see in that heavenly scene,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Sweet Stella Irene and Elias Eugene,
With Sarah Jane standing between.

They beckon me o'er to that echoless shore,
To the regions of glory on high,
Where eternal's the day, where I'll nevermore say
Good-bye, my babies, good-bye.

ALBUM LINES.

The glowing sun, the waning moon,
The stars that brightly shine,
Are witnesses that I will prove
A constant friend of thine.

CHAMPOEG

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

I will sing you a song of my beautiful home,
As lovely as Eden could be,
Where the Oregon springs from great mountains of
snow,
And gently rolls down to the sea.

Where the storms seldom rage o'er the flowery domain,
Or the ice binds the rippling stream,
But an emerald carpet spreads over the plain,
Like the mystical regions of dream.

Here the muttering thunder has seldom been heard,
And hurricane never been known,
But forests primeval wear mantles of green,
And flowers eternally grown.

I will sing of the forests that spangle this shore,
Great forests of spruce, fir and pine,
And of the rich products, the fruit of our soil,
Sweet fruits of the shrub, tree, and vine.

Here the warm mellow breath off the boundless sea
Sweeps over this haven of rest;
'Tis the spice perfumed breeze from the Indian seas,
That billow away in the west.

Here the meadow lark's song never dies from the sky,
Nor the hum of the bee from the lawn,

AND OTHER POEMS.

But the whippoorwill's notes in the twilight is heard,
And the robin's sweet tune in the dawn.

Long years have elapsed since our brave fathers built
Our homes in this beautiful vale,
Though the journey was long and the trials severe,
And the savages lurked on the trail.

With their firm, gentle hands tamed the wild savage
tribes,
And taught them to kneel and to pray;
But when those same hands were raised in defense
They drove the rude Briton away.

I will sing of the man who when needy ones came,
And humbly sued for their bread,
Replied in defiance of master and lord,
"The starving must always be fed."

Those brave words immortal that fell from his lips
Are on our hearts written in gold,
And borne by the breeze into far distant lands,
Their echo has years ago rolled.

The indolent trappers, up the wild mountain gorge,
Caught the sound of the heavenly strain,
And rushed to the valleys all fertile and fair,
To culture the fruit and the grain.

That mandate has echoed from country to clime,
And thousands have flocked to our shore
To partake of our feast of abundance, and now
We are asking and waiting for more.

CHAMPOEG

THE SCORCHER ON THE WALK

Our foes, cares, and fears increase with our years,
Our rights to defy or to mock,
But far, far the worst that our race ever cursed
Is the scorcher who bikes on the walk.

If as claimed each new scare helps to whiten our hair,
Some poets indulge in such talk,
One week and one day turns the blackest head gray,
Dodging bikers who scorch on the walk.

Is there no relief from this ocean of grief?
Will the indecent brutes never stop?
Then arm for the fray, break, cripple, or slay,
Something send to the morgue or the shop.

Pray think not that I would a brother deny
The walk till the winter be o'er;
Let any one ride, when the walk's clean and wide,
Save the fool, and the knave, and the bore.

'Tis sad, but 'tis so, that a man sinks so low,
When the voice of his conscience grows mute,
That childhood and age arise in their rage,
Condemning the knave and the brute.

Enduring this wrong, we have suffered too long;
Is our patience mistaken for fright?
What we cannot cure, we'll with patience endure,
But vindicate each sacred right.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Claiming vehicle's right in a fierce legal fight,
He was granted one-half the highway;
Admitting his claim, surely something is lame,
Or they there would compel him to stay.

A WARNING.

My son, thou art manhood approaching,
Soon thine will be life's weary care;
Beware of that demon called liquor,
And let him thee never ensnare.

Remember that all is confusion,
And all things are not what they seem;
The darkest night's only a shadow—
Death only a shadow supreme.

This life is a sea of delusion—
'Tis naught but a wish and a dream—
And brings to man nothing but trouble
Which thee will submerge in its stream.

Thy pretending friends will prove traitors,
For friendship is only a name—
A shadow that follows in daylight,
But leaves thee in darkness to shame.

The crookedest pole, a straight shadow
May cast for a while in the day,
The sun before sinking to slumber,
Its crookedness surely'll portray.

THE OREGON SOLDIER.

'Twas a cloudless day in autumn,
When before the cannon's mouth
Rushed the fierce contending legions
From the warring North and South.
Like the foaming, angry waters
Leaping to the gulf below,
Rushed the armies—reared as brothers—
Now arrayed as deadly foe.

And among them a brave soldier
Came upon the battle field,
When the battle hot was raging,
Ere the foe was forced to yield.
Loudly roared the murderous cannon,
Shot and shell flew thick and fast,
And the heroes of the conflict
Fell like trees before the blast.

And there fell the western soldier
On Antietam's bloody field,
When the shades of night were falling
And the foe was forced to yield.
Far from happy home and kindred—
Not a friend to close his eye,
Or to catch his farewell whisper,
When we laid him down to die.

There that soldier boy was buried—

AND OTHER POEMS.

Lay aside his sword and shield,
For the voice in death is silent,
And the foe compelled to yield.
Flag of peace and truth victorious
Floats on freedom's sacred breeze,
O'er the valleys, hilltops, mountains,
And the broad majestic seas.

Grass for years his grave has covered
'Neath the sod of Maryland;
Nevermore on earth we'll meet him,
Never grasp his welcome hand.
Peace is now supremely reigning,
Hushed is now the cannon's roar.
Brother, sleep in peace, contented,
On Antietam's sunny shore.

THE MURDERED EMIGRANTS.

Their hearts beat lightly: o'er their dreams
Came ne'er a cloud of sorrow;
For t'ward the garden of the West
The train will start tomorrow.

Each friend they bade a kind farewell,
And t'ward the sunset started—
Their hearts were lighter far than those
From whom they had just parted.
Bound for the vales of Oregon,
Beside the tranquil ocean,
Before the sun was in the sky,
The train was in full motion.

And day by day their weary way
Were westward fastly wending;
Their camp-fires' smoke at morn and eve
Was heavenward seen ascending.
They whiled the evening hours away,
While high the fires were blazing;
And spoke of birds and prairie scenes
And beasts in freedom grazing.

Ahead they saw in splendor rise
Famed Nature's snow-clad towers,
While fertile gardens far and wide
Were filled with fragrant flowers.
In mirth they passed away the days

AND OTHER POEMS.

Of their long journey weary;
Nor ever thought that they would meet
A fate so sad and dreary.

So went they on, until a vale
The roadside near saluting,
To which they turned; few days to spend,
Their weary teams recruiting.
All gathered in this valley fair,
And night was o'er them closing—
The gentle dew from heaven fell,
And they're in sleep reposing.

Some dream perhaps of loving friends,
Now left to roam as strangers;
And some perhaps of western homes;
But none e'er dreamed of danger.
Oh, hark! What sounds the silence breaks;
It is the savage foeman,
With weapons keen and aimed full well,
The gunner and the bowman.

The poisoned arrows now in floods
Down on the slumb'ers showered,
Who fought for life, until they sank
By thousands overpowered.
Each mother in her anguish wild
Upon her knees fell crying:
"O God, protect my darling child!"
While arrows thick were flying.

CHAMPOEG

It was the treacherous Snake who came
Beneath night's sable cover.
A bloody strife—for life! for life!
Then all for aye was over.
Above them when the daylight came
The vultures loud were screaming;
The sneaking wolf to banquet stole
When stars were o'er them gleaming.

The savage o'er that bloody spot
In freedom still is roaming;
Still on toward Columbia broad,
Proud Lewis river's foaming.
Far in the distance can be heard
The many cascades roaring.
While bound for Oregon o'er the road,
Train after train is pouring.

ECHOES OF EVENING

JUVENILE PIECES

PUBLISHED 1875

A MELANGE OF BOYISH FANCIES

THE STRANGER.

'Twas autumn and the farmer went
To burn his summer slash;
He lights the torch, and o'er the field
The igneous columns flash.

He sees the smoke t'ward heaven roll,
And hears the deaf'ning roar
Of those Plutonic, hissing flames
That sweep the field before.

And looks with joy upon those flames,
As o'er the field they dart,
And thankful feels that they so well
Do their allotted part.

And thinks that from his labor he
A rich reward will gain;
For soon where heaves the igneous sea
Will grow a field of grain.

He little thinks while gazing thus
On that devouring flame,
That it is sweeping madly o'er
Some luckless human frame.

The frame of one who far from home,
Has e'en a grave denied,
And not a friend to tell the tale
Of horror how he died.

CHAMPOEG

And no one knew till lab'ers came,
And in the ashes spied
Few whitened bones and two small rings,
That could no longer hide,

That one slept there, alone, content,
Though cold his bed and wild,
While parents dear, though far away,
In vain looked for their child.

The joyous hunter chased his game
Oft o'er that lonesome spot,
And oft his bones they trod upon;
But them they heeded not.

The sturdy axmen felling trees
That blood-stained spot o'er ran;
But never thought they trod upon
The last remains of man.

But there one slept in death's embrace,
While in his distant home
Were anxious eyes that looked in vain
For him again to come.

Tho' long they look, they'll never see
Again that welcome child,
Or know the woeful death he died,
Far in the woodland wild.

NO ROOM IN THE INN.

Rome's banner triumphant was proudly unfurled,
And haughtily waved over a war-weary world;
Each weary combatant his weapon laid down,
And Cæsar Augustus was wearing the crown.
Poor captives by thousands were driven from home,
And humblw bowed down to the yoke of proud Rome.
While nations o'erpowered were bending the knee
To Cæsar, he issued that famous decree
Which contained the mandate that every soul
In Roman dominion his name should enroll;
That every one to his own city should come,
His name to insert in the record of Rome.
The offspring of Jacob to Bethlehem came,
Each one to record in the ledger his name.
A couple from Galilee wended their way
To the city of David, their king to obey.
Thro' the thickly thronged streets those weary ones
 pressed,
And sought for a place in the city to rest;
Ere the shadows of nightfall silenced the din
For them, they're informed, "There's no room in the
 inn."
That couple o'erpowered by weariness goes
To a grotto 'mong beasts for a place of repose.
And 'mong the dumb beasts they a resting place found,
In a cold, chilly cavern under the ground.
A bright star from heaven serenely shone down
On the inn-denied couple, in Bethlehem town.

CHAMPOEG

And bright Christmas morning first joyfully smiled
On a virgin mother, and beautiful Child.
How cold were the vapors that fell on the head
Of the Babe newly born! How cold was His bed!
When wise men and shepherds came in and adored,
And offered their gifts to their Inn-refused Lord.
O can it be true that this dark world of sin
Afforded for Mary no room in the Inn?
Alas! it is true, and how often today
We drive from our heart's Inn poor Mary away!
If a Bethlehem guest I that night could have been,
I'd have given to Mary my room in the Inn.
Expressions synonymous often we've used,
And equally frequent assistance refused.
The poor, weary mendicant plodding the street,
How often with contempt we scornfully treat!
And then gasconadingly, boldly declare,
"I'd have given my room up if I'd have been there."
If such be your feelings, why don't you them show
Today as you would have long centuries ago?

* * * * *

O Jesus and Mary, come dwell in my heart,
And bid evil passions from thence to depart.
And teach me to welcome the lowly and poor,
And to the entreating wide open the door.

WHY ARE WE REPOSING?

Oh! Brothers, why are we reposing,
When woe is deluging the land,
When crime goes unpunished, defiant,
And dear ones wear alcohol's brand?

Hark! a cry for relief is resounding
From city, from village, from town;
'Tis heard on the zephyrs of morning—
'Tis heard when the sun is going down.

'Tis the wail of the widowed mother,
Who mourns for her famishing brood,
Driven forth from home in the winter,
From door to door begging for food.

'Tis the moan of the orphan neglected,
The cry of the fatherless child:
O God, 'tis a cry for assistance!
Let us help in this night dark and wild.

Is it caused by the treacherous redman
With tomahawk reeking with gore,
Disturbing the silence of midnight
By slaying our people once more?

No, no; for the plow of the white man
Is turning the sod o'er his grave.
And where once re-echoed the war whoop,
The harvests of industry wave.

CHAMPOEG

Then is it legions of England
Daring now to invade our shore,
And does her fierce lion undaunted
Dare growl in our country once more?

No, no; for her lion was conquered,
And fled in disgrace o'er the sea,
Her armies were vanquished and driven
By America's sons of the free.

'Tis caused by a foeman domestic,
More barb'rous than the redman of old;
More bloodthirsty far than the Hessians,
Who slaughtered our people for gold.

'Tis caused by that tyrant called liquor,
Who's flooded with beggars our streets,
And thronged our prisons with convicts,
And crimes beyond number repeats.

Why build up such huge, gaudy prisons,
With bars across window and door?
Go banish that venomous demon,
And you will need prisons no more.

ALFAFLA'S CRIME.

On broad Molalla prairie,
In the days of Indian glory,
When the paleface was a stranger,
Stood a pretty Indian village;
And a chieftain named Hahawa
Ruled the little city wisely.
Though he was a sage in council,
He like others loved a maiden,
One possessed of every beauty.
That the savage race inherits,
And her name was Lolomono.
But Alfafla was her rival,
And she strove to win the warrior
By dark stratagem and cunning.

On the prairie stood a cedar,
With its lofty boughs outspreading,
While on high its top was reaching,
Where the laughing Lolomono
Often met the brave Hahawa
When the zephyrs of the evening
Sighed among the cedar branches.
There the hero, sage, and chieftain
Whispered love to her by moonlight—
There he forgot his wars and troubles,
Buffalo hunt and martial glory,
And he there a day selected
When he'd wed sweet Lolomono.

CHAMPOEG

On the day before the wedding,
Lolomono's subtle rival,
Filled with spite, and hate, and venom,
Thus unto the brave Hahawa:
"Listen to the voice of warning,
Lest it be too late forever:
Lolomono seeks your ruin;
Yea, this very eve I heard her
Plotting with another redman,
How tomorrow's sun will find you
Ever sleeping in the forest,
In a grave they there have ready."

Brave Hahawa then grew frantic,
And his heart with woe was troubled,
And in grief he meditated;
Then so true to Indian nature,
Swore revenge on Lolomono:
From its sheath he took his dagger,
Stole beneath the shade of darkness
To the tent of Lolomono;
To the heart with it he stabbed her,
And a hideous cry he uttered,
Which aroused the sleeping warriors,
Who were dreaming of their leader.

Every one stood panic-stricken,
Save Hahawa, who his pony
Quickly caught and mounted on it,
Then away. Meanwhile the others
Caught their ponies and pursued him,
And for forty miles the racing

AND OTHER POEMS.

Over hill and vale continued,
But at last they overtook him,
In the rugged Cascade Mountains.
Safely on a steed they bound him,
On his weary, panting pony,
And with savage jeers and curses
Hastened t'ward their little village,
Where the sages and the wise men
Were that day in conclave gathered.

In the west the sun was sinking,
And the moon in splendor rising
In the east, when o'er the prairie
They beheld a long procession
Moving slowly, sadly, westward,
T'ward the far-ouspreading cedar.

Urging every pony forward,
They arrived. The grave was covered,
And the form of Lolomono
Hid from mortal's sight forever.

Doleful was the scene that followed:
Quickly was Hahawa taken
From his weary panting pony,
And with lasso made of rawhide
Hanged upon the waving cedar.

There the western zephyr gently
Waved the branches of the cedar
O'er the grave of Lolomono,
While her lover hung below them.

THE MILL OF THE CASCADES.

In a canyon way up in the mountains,
At the foot of a rock-covered hill,
Secluded, alone and vine-covered
Stands all that remains of the mill.

The faithful old wheel is now dormant,
And thrown from its axle away
To moulder by mankind unheeded,
It wears the bleak marks of decay.

The rafters are broken and fallen;
The roof does its duty no more;
The walls to the weather have yielded,
And rudely repose on the floor.

Around it the fir trees are sighing;
In winter the snow clads the hill;
In springtime the fragrant wild flowers
Bloom there to lament for the mill.

Half-way up the hill are stumps standing,
Where axmen the verdant trees fell,
The brooklet that kept the wheel busy
Runs now unemployed thro' the dell.

The owl the ruins give shelter,
The green lizard basks on the sill,

AND OTHER POEMS.

The wolf and the sneaking coyote,
At nightfall now prowl 'round the mill.

But why call the mill into notice,
Forget it as others of old;
No, no; 'tis enveloped in story—
A story that's never been told.

A story of treach'ry and bloodshed,
'Tis a tale of the many, and few,
Unarmed, undefended the latter,
The former bloodthirsty, untrue.

One beautiful day in the springtime,
And quite up in mid-heaven the sun,
The wheel in the water was splashing,
And hard at his labor each one.

A yell like the wild mountain thunder—
Look! look! O the redmen are there!
As hideous quite as the demons,
Resolving no paleface to spare.

From out the vast forest of fir trees,
From over the rock-covered hill,
From out every canon and hollow,
The legions poured on the mill.

'Tis finished. The mill is in ruins—
From the hills that re-echoed the scream
Of the palefaces few, undefended,
The redman has fled like a dream.

MAUD DURETTE AND THE PANTHER.

Maud Durette was a babe in her cradle,
She was an unfortunate child,
Her father deserted his family,
And plunged into the forest wild.

Her mother had died on her birth night,
Into a grandmother's hand Maud fell,
Who had brought her along to the westland,
To her home in the mountain dell.

An Indian rushed into the cabin,
There led by her piteous cries,
He lifted her out of her cradle,
And carried her off as his prize.

To his wife he the infant delivered;
She cared for the child as her own;
They fled from the scene of their carnage—
Maud into her second year grown.

One beautiful day in the summer,
They camped on the bank of a creek,
That disembogued in a river;
They came the ripe berries to pick.

The red mother sat with her darling,
Admiring her beautiful charms,

AND OTHER POEMS.

When a panther sprang out of a thicket
And snatched the white babe from her arms.

And fled from the screams of the women,
Pursued by dozens of dogs;
The hungry beast rushed to the river,
And leaped on a flood drift of logs.

The jar broke the drift from its anchor,
Which loosened, swung out in the stream,
While louder the dogs cried their frenzy,
And louder the women their scream.

The drift was now caught by the current,
The current was rapid and strong,
The beast and his prey at its mercy,
Now rapidly hurried along.

A snag caught the drift in its hurry,
Gave it whirl toward the opposite shore,
Where a hunter appeared in the forest,
Who hurriedly looked the scene o'er.

He sped like the wind down the river,
And thrice he to shoot took his aim,
But as often he lowered his rifle,
As nearer the famished beast came.

The drift was next caught by an eddy
That swung it around toward the land;
The hunter awaited its coming,
His rifle clasped tight in his hand.

CHAMPOEG

The beast watched an opportune moment,
And leaped with his prey to the shore,
The hunter had leveled his rifle,
And the days of the panther were o'er.

He rushed to the helpless infant,
And lifted her up from the ground;
Her body had suffered few bruises,
But there was no serious wound.

A strawberry mark on her shoulder
Attracted his curious eyes.
"Great God, is it she?" Then he weakened,
And fainted away with surprise.

In his arms he was holding his daughter
He'd left thousands of miles away,
By accident found in the wild west,
And rescued this beautiful day.

A cavalry corps from the valley,
In their Indian foes' pursuit,
Rescued both the father and daughter;
Took as trophy the skin off the brute.

AND OTHER POEMS.

DEATH OF PETER FLYNN.

Down in the cloudy west
The sun had sunk to rest,
And night around her ebon garb had thrown;
That pale nocturnal queen
Upon her throne was seen,
And thro' the drifting clouds from heaven shone.

Between the silv'ry bars
Of clouds the glitt'ring stars
Upon our little earth each cast a smile,
When child and friend drew nigh
To bid their last good-bye
To one now soon to leave this world so vile.

The soul of Peter Flynn
Fled from this world of sin
On Saturday, the seventeenth of May;
Unto that blissful shore,
Where sorrow comes no more,
His spirit fled in peace and love away.

For eighty-seven years
He, in this vale of tears,
A character unsoiled, unblemished bore—
His duty, well he's done,
A crown of glory won,
A happy home upon that golden shore.

CHAMPOEG

Hard by the old oak tree,
An oblong mound we see,
And underneath the newly broken sod
His body free from woe,
Is lying cold and low,
His soul has fled to meet its Judge—its God.

O Holy Virgin pray
For us who here must stay,
Besieged, deluged, by sorrow, grief and care,
Upon our dying day,
Flee not from us away,
But save us from the tempter's luring snare.

THOUGHTS ON IRELAND.

The waves of the ocean
Are washing thy shore—
The shamrock is growing,
As grew it of yore.

Dame Nature resplendent
Her garments still throw
Around thee as green as
Eight centuries ago.

The breath of the demon,
Like whirlwind and storm,
Brought sad desolation,
In every form.

Will the time never come
Will the day never break,
When Erin 'mong nations
Her station will take;

When sorely defeated,
Shall free from her shore
The lion of England,
To return nevermore?

When the red flag shall vanish—
The long fettered queen

CHAMPOEG

Shall be prosp'rous and happy
 'Neath the banner of green?

Has the blood of her sons
 For liberty flown,
In lands of the stranger?
 Can't it be for her own?

Has the flame that inspired
 The hearts of her braves,
From the country retired
 To sleep in their graves?

O God, give me courage
 Her cause for to plead,
And if it needs be, for
 Her freedom to bleed.

AND OTHER POEMS.

A FAULT.

A faulty fashion have mankind
Which they consider nice;
And that's to stand with folded arms
And try to give advice.

How oft we find friend "Idle-tongue,
Who always better knows,
On other folks his kind advice
E'er ready to impose.

And oft abroad he vainly boasts
How he would children drill,
And every station filled by man
He could much better fill.

"Bring up thy child in virtue's path,
And he will never leave it,"
Is the advice he frankly gives,
And thinks folks will believe it.

When even wise King Solomon,
Who said, "Bring up thy child,"
If mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

Ocoho is of royal blood,
And spends his years at school,
Then home returns. What is he? Naught
But a consummate fool.

CHAMPOEG

But in that humble cot is one,
Who toils for daily bread;
Altho' he seems by clouds o'ercast,
There's sunshine on his head.

Of nature's light he has a spark,
Enkindled in his mind,
Which none can take. Ocoho's gold
May other owners find.

BETWEEN THE CORN GREEN AND THE GOLD.

The warm summer sun
Had his daily course run,
And gently to rest he had rolled;
I met sweet Marie
'Neath the green maple tree,
'Twas between the corn green and the gold.

Her eyes large and blue
Spoke a soul warm and true,
Louder far than her lips could unfold;
And my heart throbbed with joy,
When she called me sweet boy,
'Twas between the corn green and the gold.

My love was too pure
And she could not endure
Life's chilling storms that round her rolled,
Like a flower in the frost,
So my treasure I lost,
'Twas between the corn green and the gold.

Now the wild flowers wave
Over sweet Marie's grave,
Where she's sleeping so silent and cold;
Sweet Marie we laid
'Neath the broad maple shade,
'Twas between the corn green and the gold.

HOP PICKERS' SERENADE.

Too many ears are hearing
What mortals should not hear;
The twilight stars are peering
Down through the skies so clear,
What though ten thousand see us?
Thank fortune they are dumb,
Oh meet me in the shadows,
And be my sweet yum, yum.

Too many eyes are seeing
What eyes should ne'er behold,
Bright Luna's swiftly fleeing
Upon her wheel of gold,
Across the spotless heavens,
O darling, will you come,
And meet me in the twilight,
And be my sweet yum, yum?

Together we will wander
Among the fragrant vines,
The mellow hours we'll squander
Beneath the whispering pines,
The heavens beam with lovelight—
For thee I'm waiting, come,
And ramble with me, darling,
And be my sweet yum, yum.

AND OTHER POEMS.

MY CHILDHOOD.

I have seen valleys green,
And the high rugged mountains,
I have sailed oceans wide,
And I've lingered at the fountains,
I have seen prairies grand,
And the deep tangled wildwood;
But for them give me back
The dear home of my childhood.

I have roamed o'er the land,
Sailed o'er the briny ocean,
Yet nothing have I found
Save strife, trouble and commotion.
I have won many friends
Who appear for the while good,
But for them give me back
The dear friends of my childhood.

I have trod marble halls
Of the rich and the greedy,
I have shared the rude huts
Of the poor and the needy,
I have roamed crowded streets,
And the trails through the wildwood,
But for them give me back
The loved scenes of my childhood.

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

Way down by the wild rushing river,
Where the willows bend over the wave,
And wind thro' the tree tops is sighing,
Lies an obscure and neglected grave.
The leaves of the hazel are falling,
The mound from man's vision to hide,
'Tis useless, for man never heeds it,
'Tis the grave of a poor suicide.

'Tis the grave of a thoughtless maiden,
Who was by a base demon betrayed—
Betrayed by a fiend and deserted—
Yet there's no charge of crime to him laid.
Because he's a man he is honored,
While her we are wont to despise;
Tho' turned from the house of her father,
Who e'en cursed her last piteous cries.

Unforgiven, accused, to the river,
Where the dark waters writhingly curled;
A plunge from the shore and the wavelets
Declared she is out of the world—
Yes, they found her, and by the dark river,
That welcomed her under its wave,
And without a signal of sorrow
They gave her a suicide's grave.

AND OTHER POEMS.

TO MARY.

Hail, Queen of Angels, Star of morn,
My supplication hear,
Desert me not when Satan's hosts
Have filled my soul with fear;
Deliver me from worldly pride;
Let me ne'er be beguiled
By Satan, but when trials come,
Help! help thy falling child!

Thou know'st how frail poor mortals are,
And how to sin inclined,
How oft o'ercome, and yet in thee
A mother true we find.
When sorrow comes to thee we flee,
O help us! mother mild,
Stretch forth thy hand and shield from sin
Thy thoughtless, wand'ring child.

Rescue my wrecked, entangled soul
Deluged by sin and shame,
From Satan's grasp, my only hope
Is in thy holy name.
Temptations now, are falling fast,
And fear on fear is piled,
To thee I call, O Virgin Queen,
Help! help thy fallen child!

CHAMPOEG

O guide my earthly steps aright,
And ne'er thy prayers deny;
But pray for me, Mother of God,
And save me when I die.
When I am called to join the dead.
Then smile as once you smiled,
And from predition's yawning gulf
Save ! save thy dying child.

AND OTHER POEMS.

WELCOME VOLUNTEERS.

Now let Multnoma's thousand silvery bells
A welcome peal, and, as the chorus swells,
Lift every voice: O welcome volunteers,
Thrice welcome home, brave sons of pioneers,
For whom Jehovah searched all climes and zones
To furnish Freedom's dome foundation stones
Of gold and adamant; 'twas theirs to wrest.
From faithless foe and save the mighty West.

Born thus to sires, to noble sires as these,
'Tis yours to win bright isles and mighty seas.
O noble sons, although divine its birth,
Eternal vigilance is Freedom's worth.

As brave Ulysses, once within the power
Of nymph Calypso, lingered in her bower,
Forgetting parents, faithful wife and child,
He lingered long, for long the nymph beguiled;
So thou hast been allured from loving arms
By siren Frisco, with lascivious charms.
Long as Multnoma reigns proud twilight queen
On mighty waters throned, 'neath hills so green,
Sun-kissed and beautiful, tho' every zone
Earth's richest treasures at her feet has thrown,
Will in her grief this unkind thrust regret,
But ne'er thy matchless valor can forget.

CHAMPOEG

Yet others went, crowned with Mohonia's spray
By loving hands, I see them not today.
The dark blue sea holds one in its embrace;
On tropic isles some find a resting place.
Sad is that heart where smothered anguish burns;
Sad is that home to which no son returns;
Then while they grieve for treasures held most dear,
Deny them not a sympathetic tear.
When such ties bind, yet closer must be drawn
These twilight shores, those bright isles of the dawn.
That Freedom's land where blood-bought banners
wave;
That's Freedom's land that's gemmed with heroes'
graves.

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE LOST PACIFIC.

'Twas midnight on the restless deep,
The stars were hid from view,
The moon across the splashing waves
No garb of silver threw.

A white-winged vessel rode the swells
That rose and fell anon;
While fiercer surged the heaving sea
To urge her faster on.

No signs averse encountered yet—
No bird of omen near
Dismay to spread, or woe foretell,
To fill man's soul with fear.

The thick'ning fog o'er all the sea
Began its veil to throw—
O heavens!—heard ye that awful crash?
Lost! lost!—all's over now.

The old Pacific trembled—sank
Beneath the moon-mad wave,
And all save two now sleep engulfed
In one deep watery grave.

Many a heart is broke with grief,
And hearthstone vacant now;

CHAMPOEG

While o'er their tomb the vessels strong
The rolling billows plough.

Sleep on in peace—the waning moon
Shall long your vigil keep;
The tempests moan your requiem,
That rouse the mighty deep.



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